

The Occident

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The Occident

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Editorial.

There Are Others. *The Occident* has its own financial problems, which it has been wonderfully enabled to solve thus far under the manifest leading of Divine Providence. We are full of hope for days to come, though we are far from the realization of our ideals. We are therefore prepared to sympathize with others who are trying to do good in pioneer work, where the present outlay in money is justified, not from financial returns, but because seed-sowing is a duty. The General Conference of the Methodist Church is wrestling with the same problem. Thirteen of her religious papers have been under subsidy, in hope of future enlargement of resources. We hope that such enlargement will come. One can hardly estimate the value of a helpful weekly visitor to the home, bringing facts and teachings of a religious kind, and speaking, as parents hardly know how to talk, to the boys and girls, about the highest interests of their being.

A New Game. The invention of that marvel of ingenuity, the linotype, affords the opportunity of enjoying a new game. The reader is aware that in this machine the operator sits before a finger-board, which is just like that of a typewriter. A gentle pressure upon the keys causes a line of type to be caste in one continuous piece, which drops from the mechanism. After use, these lines are melted over, and the same metal which told the story of the murder next time may be used to portray the text of a sermon. It requires a high degree of skill to produce perfect lines, and we wonder that so few errors are made. The operator must know how to spell correctly, punctuate properly, and to act quickly, using common sense, guided by a considerable knowledge of human affairs. Men write so ambiguously that the operator often has to jump at the author's meaning. The new game suggested is that where, when there is a "mix-up" of the lines, one has the fun of putting them together as they ought to be.

How to Play It. Trying this game on our issue of May 16th, page three, first article, the player finds that the lines 5, 6, 7, 8, 9

and 10 should be read in the following order: 5, 7, 8, 9, 6 and 10. It was dreadful for the pi of the printer to suggest the "blue dent of a domestic character" in the case of an editor of a religious newspaper. We shall try to get the "incitive balance restored" this week in the printery, for we have no use for such things in the sanctum, and we now resume "the usual conserveness of our environment" to follow the pied lingo of the Mergenthaler.

The Moral of the Machine. This pi(e) when digested may supply some valuable hints for the conduct of life. Our actions are often pied. We often say the wrong thing at the time. Once we presided at a clerical dinner, where many denominations were represented. The Quaker, the Wesleyan, the Episcopal, the Baptist and the Presbyterian feasted together. A high church Episcopal rector, now in State's prison (serving as its chaplain), had led a young English Methodist into his own churchly relationship. While carving the elegant fowl so dear to the clerical appetite, a Presbyterian clergyman, now a noted college professor, not a thousand miles from Chicago, thus addressed us, "By the way, B——, what became of that Methodist pervert who went over to the half-way house to Rome?" The situation was interesting if it was embarrassing. We answered, "He is right here and can answer for himself." The laugh which followed was so moving that we fancied that fowl, dead, but still warm, shook its sides, though possibly it was communicated motion, for the now editor shook from head to foot.

An Open Confession. We were once honored with an invitation to go upon an expedition where some government officials were to inspect a new source of water supply. We were assigned to ride with an affable military man, bearing the title of Major. During a ride of six and thirty miles, we discussed many things, especially those pertaining to the Empire State. Finally, the Tweed Ring came up for remark, when we exclaimed that we longed for the moment of literary leisure when we could portray in truthful story the nemesis which has followed the members of that Ring, almost without exception. We spoke especial-

ly of one of exalted station, an alumnus of our own Alma Mater, who had since had so strange a career between the stage of an East-side theater, when he wore stripes, and in London, trying to pick up the scraps of the legal practice left upon the decease of a famous American lawyer. "The old rogue," we continued, "had the brass," etc., but no process of mind-reading enabled us to discover the fact that our military companion had married the daughter of the member of that Ring to whom we paid such compliments so generously. Thereafter, we always had a sort of nervous feeling whenever the Major put in an appearance; but those twinkling blue eyes seemed ever to say, "Parson, you did not phase me, I have got used to that sort of thing, but you were 'a innocent.'"

**The Mixed-
ness of Life.**

There is a great deal of pied humanity in the world. Misfits are seen everywhere. Some ten-dollars clerks would make good preachers, and some preachers would make good policeman, and as such would make the people do as they do, *i. e.*, move on. That lovely wife ought to have secured a prize for a husband; but she married a bear. Why do not bears marry bears? Possibly, this pi in relationships brings out the best possibilities of our race; but the premium paid to experience is very high. It is hard to be the grindstone for others to sharpen themselves upon. But why expect perfection here? The lines will get pied at times; all right, gentle reader, we will calmly put up with the mixing of things where our own choice is not involved, but let us remember that we often make a lot of very bad pi by not going slow and listening to the counsel of those older and wiser than ourselves.

An Open Door Declined.

The so-called Catholic party in the Protestant Episcopal church has an organ in the *Catholic Champion*, edited by Rev. Arthur Ritchie, rector of St. Ignatius church in New York City, in whose church one may find the confessional, incense, and about all the ritual features of a Roman sanctuary. In a recent number Father Ritchie, as he is called, has an eight-column editorial upon "The Weakness of Presbyterianism." It begins with some appreciative remarks concerning our Church, though saying that it calls us a Church by courtesy. That's right, Father, always be courteous, for the Bible tells you to do so.

MERITED PRAISE.

He says that "one cannot help thinking of the Presbyterian Church with great respect; that they are a great and admirable Protestant denomination. Their learning and piety are eminent. They have baptized great numbers of people, and have taught them to believe in the Holy Trinity and in the Lord Jesus Christ

as the only Saviour of mankind. * * * They have built up many great colleges and schools; they have had a strong zeal for missions; they have uniformly proved themselves a credit to the communities where they have existed. It seems safe to say that our nation would not have been nearly as good as it is if it had lacked the influence for good of its people who have been Presbyterians."

Father Ritchie, it is perfectly safe to say so, and you never told more truth in your paper in the same number of lines. We are glad that you have been a good student of our history and carefully observant of our status in the States.

AN UNCALLED-FOR ALARM.

But, good Father, how could you so mistake the signs of the times as to remark that "there are evident signs of the breaking up of this great denomination"? The leaving of a Church having over 7,000 ministers and about a million of communicant members, on the part of three or four ministers who can not assent to our doctrinal position, is not a very serious crisis. The call for a more modern expression of anciently received truths is reasonable, natural and a sign of life, rather than of decay.

The good Father goes on to deplore our lack of churchly authority and says, "When Dr. Briggs was disciplined, there was no voice or expression of authority of the alleged Catholic Church."

THERE ARE OTHER SECTS.

But did the Catholic Church speak out when your denomination had to deal with a certain Rector McQ——, who went wrong on the doctrine of the incarnation, and, as we remember, was deposed? Did Leo XIII join in the ban of deposition, or the Holy Synod of the Orthodox Greek Church, or the Patriarch of Abyssinia? No, good Father, yours is only a sect (*vide, section*) of the Church, and not the Church itself; you stand on the same footing as ourselves, and the Pope told you so not many months ago.

We have all the catholic elements now possible to any church of Jesus Christ, *i. e.*, a Catholic Spirit and a yearning for Catholic Unity, but Catholic authority is a figment of the imagination and will be until there is a Catholic (*i. e.*, Universal) Church in a single organization. The Holy Catholic Church now is the sum of believers in many folds. "All the faithful under one Head" is in Roman catechisms, but not yet in human history. So weep not, Father, that our ecclesiastical basket contains no fish called Catholic authority, for your own is likewise lacking as to the same. We can both worry along pretty well, however, if we live up to the nice obituary of the Presbyterians, which you have so generously, and we believe sincerely, spoken. We are not dead nor dying, but are going to stand

side by side, please God, with you, working for Christ and his Church.

WEeping NOT CALLED FOR.

Do not shed any tears, good Father, because we "have the misfortune to be without the safe mooring in the harbor of the Holy Catholic Church." It is very kind of you to say: "Our arms ought to be open, and we think they are open to all the good Presbyterian brethren. When they come to us, as many have, with full conviction of the faith of the Holy Catholic Church, we gain as much as they do." Do not borrow trouble, Father, even if you do believe that "Presbyterianism as an 'ism' will go down hill and be dashed to pieces," to the effect that "the good people who have been of that body will find home and refuge, safety and peace" in the denomination which finds an exponent in the *Catholic Champion*.

However, good Father, you did smite us Presbyterians one smart blow, which we deserve.

AN OPEN CONFESSION.

We are put in a false position by our antiquated provisions touching marriage and divorce. That allowance of "willful desertion," in addition to adultery, as a ground of justification for divorce, we believe to be unscriptural, and doubtless such an anachronism will be removed in making changes demanded by the age in which we live. We called attention to this feature of our Confession of Faith in *The Occident* of January 25, 1899, in an editorial entitled "A Duty Not Always Clear." In it we said: "There is a loop-hole in our Church law, due to difference of interpretation of I Cor. vii: 15. Did St. Paul there mean that willful desertion should free the non-offending party from bondage (*a vinculo*) or only *a mensa et toro* (commonly written *thoro*)?"

Here is the crucial question. We believe that St. Paul had neither authority nor intention to add to the one cause given by our Lord by which the marital bond should be vitiated, and that the Apostle had in mind only the form of *limited divorce*, which frees one *a mensa et toro*, but leaves the bond of matrimony unsevered. We never marry divorced persons, unless the party is the innocent one, and in cases where the scriptural cause has made such a course allowable; but we do this the rather because we accept "the Word of God as contained in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the only infallible rule of faith and practice," and where the voice of our man-made Confession is not clear, as in this case, we find in that Word a safe guide. We will probably have that statement made clearer before many years go by. Now, Father, you believe in the confessional, and we have made our confession, let us hear your soothing voice saying, "*Absolvo, te,*" etc., and we will add this to our confession.

THE COMPLIMENTS EXCHANGED.

We see much good in your branch of the Church of Christ. We admire your reverence, your orderly service, your training of the young, your strong adhesion to the Deity and Atonement of our Blessed Lord; and we believe that the inward unity which we have in these things will yet have more of outward manifestation. Neither body will swallow up the other, but as we come nearer to Christ we shall come nearer to each other. So, in closing, we say, "*Pax vobis et Deus vobiscum!*"

Our Work as Reformers.

The question has practically been asked when in the coming nearer and nearer of democracy the giant shall claim his own and undertake to administer all human affairs, will he know what he is about, or will he get so confused with various projects, religious or political, industrial or financial, that he return us to the old evils? In view of the danger thought and work for social gain are eminently desirable. Progress should not be left to mere accident, as too often has been the case. It is very treasonable and desirable, both to learn and to teach the science and the art of living together in a just and brotherly manner. To succeed other than by accident, we must certainly regard those principles on which success in our particular line depends. It is scientific to find the correct method and to employ it. Now, what is the method to be pursued; what are the conditions to be met in achieving social progress by direct effort? First, owing to their vast importance, the disposition and way to be fellows with others need attention. While, also, the more specific forms of fellowship—those that are domestic or civic, or professional, or neighborly—need looking after.

We need to carry out a wide and thorough program if we make persons see that they have duties to others, and that before much can be done the whole camp must be leavened, to see that the temper and attitude of the whole body of the members of the given society must be changed.

We first need diagnosis, study of the situation, what the defects, the perversions are, and then we need to learn how we can meet the situation, how correct the defects and straighten out the perversions. But to remedy the disease is far harder than to discover it. Just here comes in the benefit of a general knowledge of human nature and of human beings when acting with one another.

We also need to persuade men to adopt the wise plan. We need a campaign of education. We need to agitate, to discuss. Men are amenable to reason and will look with favor upon a desirable thing. We need to make them see that our ideas are good. This may be hard to do, but unless it be done we cannot

get our reform. The experience is universal that it takes work to get men to accept new ideas, but that, if approached aright, most men are willing to hear argument and learn the facts of the case. We must meet objections, must show our plan right, not only in theory, but in practice. Every great reform has been accomplished only by just such work.

And when we have convinced men, we need to get them to act. Men do not go right off and do what they think they should do. They do not want to act. Many illustrations could be given of the need of allowing time for men to adjust themselves to their new convictions and be really willing to carry them out in practice.

E. W. B.

Rev. N. E. Clemenson, pastor of the Presbyterian church of Logan, Utah, is now enjoying an outing on the Pacific Coast, and filling the pulpit of Brother Pollock at Hollister, while the latter is gone East. Probably no man in our church has a better knowledge of Mormonism, its history, character and plans, than this brother, who was born of Mormon parents and converted under our missionaries in Utah. The confidence there reposed in him by all classes is shown in the fact that, when a debate was to take place at Logan between representatives of Brighamite and Josephite Mormons, this Presbyterian pastor was chosen to act as umpire. We hope that the Hollister people will be good and pass this brother around among our churches, for we need warning as to the work of this religious octopus, whose agents are working in nearly every hamlet in California.

An editor often wishes that he had a real double. Just now, at commencement season, how handy would it be, if Self No. 1 could sit down and write editorials, while Self No. 2 should attend commencement at Mills College, where such noble work is being done for the young women of these parts, and from that delightful educational retreat, our other Self might go to Stanford and enjoy a long series of gladsome exercises, and at Berkeley behold the new life now so abundantly to be found there.

The daily reports of the General Assembly in the San Francisco papers have been very meager and not always clear in their statements. We infer from a telegram that our California brother, Rev. W. B. Noble, D.D., was chosen Permanent Clerk, which, if true, secures an officer in every way competent for the position.

The Irving Institute, under the principalship of Rev. Edward B. Church, closed a most successful year with its Commencement Exercises in Golden Gate Hall, on Thursday of last week. Ten young ladies were graduated,

to enter upon life's duties, with the adequate preparation afforded by this deservedly popular school.

In the Southland.

By Elijah Oxymel.

The Rev. Ng Poon Chew is at present visiting his family in Los Angeles. He reports the daily Chinese newspaper as a success and growing in patronage steadily. It is hoped that within the year the paper will be on a thoroughly substantial basis from a business standpoint. He is anxious to be through with his editorial work that he may again take up the work of preaching. At the recent meeting of the Presbytery his leave to labor without the bounds of the Presbytery was extended till October 1st in the hope that by that time he could certainly take up the work of his church.

The people of Pasadena gave a most enjoyable farewell reception to Rev. R. J. Burdette and wife, on the evening of the 25th. The 27th is the last day of his engagement as a supply. On the 28th they begin an extended trip of foreign travel. Mr. Burdette's work in the pulpit of this church has been of great satisfaction and helpfulness to the people, and they release him with reluctance. The church has been very popular, and a gospel full of sympathy and love has been preached during his pastorate. The pastor-elect, Rev. M. J. McLeod, is announced to be in the pulpit the second Sunday in June.

The Rev. D. A. McRae has asked for a letter of dismission to the Presbytery of Victoria, Presbyterian church in Canada. The Presbytery of Los Angeles is called to meet on the 4th of June to grant the request, if the way be clear. Brother McRae reports receiving a flattering call from a church up that way, which he is disposed to accept.

The Rev. J. W. McLennan, a pastor of our Church at Simi, recently welcomed five members, all by confession of faith. Hereafter, in addition to his work at Simi, he expects to supply the church at Oxnard.

On Sunday, the 27th instant, the Rev. J. M. Newell begins a series of special meetings in the Bethesda church. He will be assisted by our local evangelist, Rev. E. A. Ross of Santa Ana. Brother Ross' plan of campaign is a morning and evening service each day except Saturday. We trust the Divine blessing may rest on these services.

The exodus to the mining regions of the far north has already begun. A vessel sailed one day last week from this port with 700 passengers aboard. Some ships have already left more northern ports. The country in the Nome region is thought to be so rich that many are leaving the Klondike country. While some fortunes will be made, undoubtedly thousands of people will be disappointed.

Assembly Notes.

By Rev. George D. B. Stewart.

CALIFORNIA COMMISSIONERS.

Whether California has received unusual recognition from the Moderator I can not say; but it certainly has been well represented on ten committees. Mr. William G. Alexander, lay commissioner from San Jose, is one of the Assembly's temporary clerks, and likewise participated in the distribution of the elements at the opening communion service. Prof. John M. Coyle was named on the Committee on Polity, and Mr. John Dunn on the Mileage Committee. The ministerial commissioners serving on committees are Revs. William B. Noble, D.D., Henry A. Newell, Hugh K. Walker, D.D., James Stone, Hugh W. Fraser, Robert W. Reynolds, Ellsworth L. Rich and Geo. D. B. Stewart.

Dr. Walker has come to the front as one of the Assembly's speakers and as a strong advocate of California interests. He addressed the popular meeting on "Aid for Colleges," and the one held in the interest of home missionaries, and on both occasions his flowing words proved how thoroughly loyal he is to California.

Elder John Dunn met with a misfortune last Sunday night. While he was asleep a thief entered his apartment and stole \$65 from his trousers pocket. He has little hope of recovering his money.

THE ST. LOUIS CAR STRIKE.

Upon arrival in the city it appeared as if the car tie-up would seriously discommode those in attendance on the Assembly. But there have been a sufficient number of cars running to allow of convenient transportation to and from the hotels. The outlook for a speedy settlement of the difficulty between the Transit Company and the striking employes is not bright. Disturbances and bloodshed have marked the attempt to run cars in the lower portions of the city. As far as I can find out the sentiment of business men is adverse to the strikers. Some time ago the company conceded to a demand for higher wages. Evidently this concession emboldened the employes, for recently they insisted on the employment of none but union men. This second demand the Company refused, and hence the strike. Doubtless the strikers think that victory in the present issue is essential to the maintenance of satisfactory pay. It seems a pity that there should be such an evident lack of mutual trustfulness as to prevent a satisfactory adjustment of the difficulty.

HOME MISSIONS.

The home mission slogan in the Assembly this year is California. The acquisition of our trans-Pacific islands, the prospective cutting of the Nicaragua Canal, have centered the inter-

ests of the Home Board on our Golden State. I really felt myself growing in importance when Dr. Thompson referred to the thin line of heroes on the firing line in California. As a speaker the Secretary of the Home Board is forceful, thoughtful, and at times eloquent. His address at the popular meeting showed him to be a man of broad and comprehensive vision. He is truly what might be termed an ecclesiastical statesman. I was much taken with his assertion that the present struggle for the mastery between Slavic civilization, advancing across Siberia, and Anglo-Saxon civilization, moving into Alaska, would be in the far Northwest, where America and Asia come closest together.

Dr. Dixon made his first address to the Assembly in his capacity as Assistant Secretary in speaking to the report on home missions. He prefaced his speech by saying that he wished to be plain and practical in what he said; and he fulfilled his wish. The speech was helpful, instructive and stimulating. It was marked by an absence of padding and by strict devotion to the subject under consideration. In this respect it was in marked contrast to one that preceded it. This latter spirit abounded in verbal pyrotechnics and the firing of blank cartridges, after the order of a Fourth of July oration. Why so much time should be allowed to the expression of useless rhetoric is beyond understanding to a novice. If commissioners would only remember that every unnecessary sentence adds to the expense of the Assembly the cost of holding this annual supreme court of the Church would be considerably lessened. The Assembly ought not to be regarded as affording an opportunity for men to spread themselves, but should be looked on as a gathering for the transaction of business. But the millennium takes time to come, and approaches but slowly.

The Ice Trust in New York.

New York is greatly agitated over the advance in the price of ice from thirty cents a hundred pounds to sixty. The American Ice Company controls the market. A crusade has been begun against the trust. Ice is a necessity in New York in the summer months. This advance in price, which is prohibition for the poor, will mean a great menace to health in the crowded districts, and undoubtedly the death rate will increase. Sixty cents per one hundred pounds is almost double the price charged in other cities. The extortionate operations in New York, according to well-established facts, are based upon the connivance of men high in the councils of Tammany Hall, and powerful either officially or unofficially in the municipal government. An attempt is now being made to have the charter of the ice company revoked.

Timely Topics.

By Rev. M. H. Alexander.

The War in Africa.

The British armies are now across the Vaal. The forces of Roberts, Hamilton and French have entered the Transvaal at three points. They are now only fifty miles from Johannesburg and seventy-seven miles from Pretoria. The Boers retreated almost without a show of defense. General French and General Hamilton apparently did not fire a shot. The main body of the Boers is moving toward the Klip river hills that cover the south side of Johannesburg.

The situation at Pretoria, both military and political, is very critical. The Boers are determined to trust everything to a last stand in the Gatsrand mountains, to the north of Potchefstroom, where 3,000 Kaffirs are digging trenches. Every available man and gun has been sent to that point. The whole of the Transvaal is defenseless. General Baden-Powell is free to march in at any time. There are indications that the Boers may destroy the mines and property at Johannesburg. They have large quantities of dynamite.

There is a dispatch to the effect that Kruger has issued a proclamation asking the Transvaal burghers to notify him whether they desire to continue the fight or to sue for peace.

There are indications that a fierce battle will soon be fought at Laing's Nek, where General Buller faces the Boers, who, now reinforced, appears to have from 8,000 to 10,000 men. It may be, however, that when the time comes the British will be able to pass the forces.

Boer Envoys.

The Government at Washington has done wisely in declining to interfere in behalf of the South African republics in the present struggle. This decision will govern in all matters relating to the recognition of the Boer delegation now in this country. The gentlemen composing the delegation were cordially received at the office of the Secretary of State and were in conference an hour with him. The Secretary replied to their eloquent statement of their case. He quoted from the President's message to Congress last December concerning the neutrality of this government, and that had circumstances indicated that friendly offices would be welcomed they would have been gladly tendered. A friendly communication was sent to the British government, but the answer was that her Majesty's Government could not accede to the intervention of any power. The envoys are received in an entirely unofficial way, and unless they become agitators and seek to stir up trouble they will be welcome in our land as gentlemen of intelligence and culture.

Lord Roberts' Tactics.

Lord Roberts is moving forward with about 15,000 cavalry and 50,000 infantry under his immediate command. On approaching a defensive position held strongly, his method is to send forward cavalry and artillery first to locate the Boer forces, and then to pass around their flanks. The Boers then extend their line and seize kopjes that enable a few riflemen to withstand ten times their number. By successive extensions the Boer line becomes weakened so that it is easily broken through and the line of their retreat is threatened. The British forces extend some thirty miles from east to west and are at present in the form of a crescent. It is only a question of time when the 10,000 or 15,000 Boers must succumb. For they can not withstand the British everywhere. It appears that infantry is no longer used in the front line, but only to support and hold what the cavalry and artillery gain. Perhaps by the middle of June Roberts will be in possession of Pretoria.

Mr. Wanamaker and Philadelphia Officials.

Mr. Wanamaker has been threatened with a scandalous attack on his personal character unless he would consent to stop criticisms of the mayor of Philadelphia which have been appearing in *The North American* (a paper owned by Mr. Wanamaker's son). Two officials of the municipal government called at Mr. Wanamaker's office and told him they had been looking up his personal record from the time he was Postmaster-General and that unless he consented to stop the attacks referred to they would turn on him with affidavits with which they had been arming themselves during the last eight months. They paid no attention to the statement made by Mr. Wanamaker that he did not own the paper, but persisted that they would turn on him. He ordered them out of his office and has made a public statement regarding the matter. The charges which he made against the mayor in the first place were concerning the signing away by that official of valuable franchise rights to a telephone company without any compensation to the city, even though the press and citizens protested. Mr. Wanamaker will continue to express his mind and will fight against such an indecent attempt to terrorize and blackmail a citizen.

A New Projectile.

The ingenuity of an American naval officer, we have reason to believe, has invented a shell which, when fired at a certain elevation, will penetrate fourteen inches of Harveyized steel and still be lively. What this means it is difficult to see. It may mean that war vessels will have to rely on some other means than armor-plate for safety. Speed will become essential. There must be a limit to this matter some time. It will not do to make war ships of solid steel.

Rev. Peter E. Kipp.

A memorial of the late pastor of the First Presbyterian church of San Diego will be presented at the fall meeting of the Presbytery of Los Angeles, and will, by permission, be published in *The Occident*. But it seems fitting that some present public notice should be taken of this beloved brother who has been so suddenly removed from his loved work, and from his sorrowing family and flock, and called by the Master to come up higher.

Brother Kipp was born at Paterson, N. J., in 1847. After pursuing his classical and theological studies, at New York University and Rutgers Theological Seminary, he entered the ministry of the Dutch Reformed Church, having successive pastoral charges at Fishkill, on the Hudson, at Brooklyn, L. I., and at Schenectady, N. Y. He came into the Presbyterian Church when he was settled over the Case Avenue Presbyterian Church of Cleveland, O., about thirteen years ago. After seven years at Cleveland the failure of his wife's health required a change of residence, and the First Presbyterian church of San Diego secured his services. He preached his first sermon here on the last Sabbath of 1894, and was installed pastor of the church, by the Presbytery of Los Angeles, in April following. Few ministers have been received by a congregation with a heartier unanimity than was Mr. Kipp by the flock at San Diego. This unanimity and strength of attachment continued to the day of his death. At the first communion service after he came, over fifty persons were received into the membership of the church, and large numbers were received at subsequent sacramental seasons. The church continued to prosper under his faithful ministry and now ranks second in size and importance in the Presbytery of Los Angeles.

Brother Kipp's style of preaching was ornate, though not excessively so. He had a fresh and vigorous way of preaching the truth, with an enthusiasm of spirit which drew many to hear him who would have had little or no interest in the ordinary regulation or scholastic style of preaching. He held firmly to the Word of God and to all its eternal verities. He believed the Bible to be throughout a consistent revelation from God, an infallible rule of faith and life, and authoritative in everything that it contains. In his preaching the final appeal was, not to human reason, but to divine revelation.

He was held in the highest esteem and affection by the pastors and members of the other churches of the city, and his influence was strongly felt in all the social, political and moral interests of the community, of which he regarded himself as a living member. He was a favorite speaker at Y. M. C. A., Sabbath-school and Christian Endeavor gatherings.

His presence will also be sadly missed at the meetings of Presbytery and Synod.

For about two years past he had gone through an unbroken series of domestic afflictions, which accelerated the breaking down of his sensitively organized physical system. He was beginning to feel that his work was becoming too much for him, and yet he did not know how to let go of any part of it. And so he heroically stood at his post, having a premonition that his end was near, yet moving among his people with his usual hopefulness and animation until the fatal stroke came, April 19th, which, after a few days of conscious suffering, and a few later days of entire unconsciousness, released his worn spirit.

The outpouring of the people at his funeral showed the deep place which this modest but loving, sympathetic, self-denying and faithful man of God, held in their hearts. It was a popular manifestation, as affecting as it was spontaneous and sincere. By request of the family two of the retired ministers of the congregation, who had stood in close friendship with Mr. Kipp during his pastorate here, conducted the simple services. Rev. F. L. Nash of National City, a former pastor of the church, offered the invocation; Rev. W. V. Couch read the Scriptures; Rev. S. Mylne led in prayer; Rev. S. J. Shaw, of the U. P. Church, read the resolutions of sympathy adopted by the Pastors' Association; Rev. Dr. S. A. Norton, of the First Congregational church, gave a brief address, and Rev. J. L. Pitner of the First M. E. church pronounced the benediction. Three beautiful and appropriate hymns, selected by the family, were sung by the choir. The six elders of the church acted as pall-bearers. The church was appropriately trimmed in green and white, and there were a number of beautiful floral offerings presented by the various organizations connected with the church, and by the Pastors' Association. The pastors of the city and vicinity were seated upon the platform and afterward in a body preceded the remains from the church to the funeral parlors, where they remained until the following day, when they were taken to New Jersey for interment. Mr. Kipp left a widow, who is a sister of Rev. Dr. Paul F. Sutphen, pastor of the Second Presbyterian church of Cleveland, O., and two sons—Herbert Z., assistant professor of German in Stanford University, and Irving B., in business in Passaic, N. J.

We regret that we have not room for the pastors' resolutions of sympathy, which were very appreciative and admirably drawn. From Rev. Dr. Norton's address, which aptly and eloquently voiced the feelings of all who knew Brother Kipp, we make the following extracts:

"It is not often that a community is so universally moved with a common sorrow as is this community, in view of the death of our

beloved brother, Mr. Kipp. One has realized a little of the breadth of the popular feeling as, during these past few weeks, the inquiry has passed from one and another as to the last word from the sick room. People whose interest has not been chiefly in the religious life and work of the city have felt that a personal friend was leaving them. It is not often that the distinctly religious community is drawn together as one man in sympathy and fellowship as has been the religious community here by the sorrow that has come in this prostration of one who was a leader. From all the hearts and homes and prayer circles and pulpits of the city has gone up in one accord prayer for the blessing of God upon this home and church. All the churches feel that they have lost a friend. It is not often that a company of ministers is so stirred with one thought and one emotion as are the ministers of our churches, who have asked me to voice their feeling in view of the departure of their beloved brother."

Dr. Norton referred to Mr. Kipp's zeal and tireless activity in the work of his calling. In this connection said he: "I have thought of the words of the Psalmist quoted with reference to the Master as having their application here, 'The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up—hath consumed me.' It was this intensity of living and of feeling undoubtedly which proved stronger than his physical organism.

"We shall always think of him first as a Christian man; a man who sought first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; who put that before any personal or ecclesiastical ends. How to make the gospel of Jesus Christ mighty among the people; how to make the love and the truth of God real and persuasive; how to win a hearing for his Master and win the world to follow his Master—that was the inspiration of his life. For that he toiled and planned. For that he preached—sermons that stirred the heart and exalted character, sermons that touched life at practical points of need."

In closing Brother Norton spoke with considerable feeling of Mr. Kipp's last sermon, which he preached on Easter day, from the text, "The Lord is risen indeed and hath appeared unto Simon." "The joy of that message to mourning hearts—that was the burden of the sermon. O, how it bids us lift up our faces with light and hope to-day! Shall we not rejoice that, freed from all the limitations of earth, he has entered in through the gates into the city where the glory of God doth lighten it and the Lamb is the light thereof—where they sing that wondrous song, saying, 'Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints'? Let us hear this voice from out the joy beyond, and let it be a voice of comfort and of peace."

San Diego, Cal.

W. V. C.

Darwin, and After Darwin.

Darwinism, in one aspect of it, may be called the "Topsy" theory of the universe; and in another aspect, the topsy-turvy theory. Viewed in this latter aspect, it is the architect of confusion. Instead of being a scientific explanation, its working principle, if it were to have the right of way, would work the destruction of all science, physical and psychological. Darwin himself saw this, after the publication of his book, when he acknowledged that the stability of species in general is necessitated by the laws of classification, which is the underlying principle of all science. Huxley admitted that the ethical sentiment and the cosmical process, or "gladiatorial theory of existence," are diametrically opposed. Other leading scientists have gradually opened their eyes to the inadequacy of natural selection as an explanatory principle, and its incompatibility with established facts of science. As a consequence, the theory has been modified and re-modified until it has well-nigh lost its identity. There is probably not a prominent scientist in the world, to-day, who would risk his reputation by standing up for Darwinism pure and simple, as it was propounded by its distinguished author a generation ago. Evolution is, therefore, at the present moment, as absolutely without a *vera causa*, or adequate working principle, as it was in the days before Darwin.

To those of us whose memories waft us back to the beginning of these evolutionary days, there is something strangely pathetic in the chances and changes which have come over the Darwinian hypothesis. The hopeful band of enthusiastic naturalists who set out forty years ago, under the lead of their idolized chieftain, with closed ranks and with drums beating and colors flying, to proclaim a dynastic revolution in the government of the universe, has rapidly dwindled away. The dynastic revolution has failed; its great leader has passed away, and his chief lieutenants have, one by one, followed him to the silent shades. The old order of nature remains as hitherto, and

"God's eternal thought moves on
His undisturbed affairs."

Natural selection has *not* supplanted teleology, as Darwin boastfully intimated. To those who have eyes to see, design still manifests itself on every hand, the silent but impressive and indestructible witness to the wisdom, power and goodness of Almighty God, in the creation, preservation and government of this wondrous universe of ours. On the other hand, "natural selection" will pass into history, like a fly preserved in amber, to afford to after generations another affecting object-lesson of the inveterate folly, gullibility and innate downward moral tendency of the human mind.

Meanwhile the army of evolution (to borrow a satirical expression of Huxley's, with reference to the army of liberal thought), finds itself "in rather loose order." Not that the followers of evolution have ever been a thoroughly disciplined and perfectly united and happy family. History compels the opposite conclusion. In their attitude toward "supernaturalism" they have been tolerably well united and moved by a common definite purpose—its complete and final overthrow. But in their internal relations they have been hopelessly divided, and not infrequently at swords' points. Darwin said of the great Lamarck, the protagonist of the evolutionary movement, whom all evolutionists should delight to honor: "His work is extremely poor; I got not a fact or an idea from it." Spencer never gave in his adhesion to Darwinism, but he has not failed, now and then, to deal it a vigorous side-blow, which has caused it to stagger and to cry out: "*Et tu, Brute!*" Darwin, on his part, had no high opinion of Spencer's scientific attainments, and as a philosopher he found it hard to understand him. He called him a proficient in "the master-art of wriggling," and expressed the belief that "if he had trained himself to observe more, even at the expense, by the law of balancement, of some thinking power, he would have been a wonderful man." Again he said: "Such parts of H. Spencer as I have read with care impress me with his inexhaustible wealth of suggestion, but never convince me." This is the estimate which the great statish of evolution placed upon the great philosopher of evolution. And this estimate is likely to stand. In these "snapshots" every one will easily recognize the general features of the author of "*Principles of Biology*," etc., etc.

Herbert Spencer has done an immeasurable harm to science by turning its votaries aside from the straight and narrow path of observation into the pathless deeps of speculation, where their names will be written in water. The elder scientists were content to sit at nature's feet, there humbly to learn her ways, that they might turn them to profitable uses for the glory of God and the good of their fellow-men. Later scientists seem more like a generation of ravenous curiosity-hunters, whose morbid cravings will not be satisfied until they have plucked nature's heart out of her and laid bare her bottommost secrets.

Herein lay the strength, and hence came the marvelous successes of those earlier observers. They clearly recognized the limitations of the human faculties, and concentrated their efforts upon objects that were attainable. Nature is prodigal of her open facts, but niggardly of her bosom secrets. You may enter her magnificent storehouse of wonders and range about at will, and carry away with you

as much as you please; but "no admittance" is written over the door that leads into the secrets of her hidden laboratory. Lord Kelvin, on the fiftieth anniversary of his work as a teacher, said, in reply to numerous congratulations: "One word characterizes the most strenuous of the efforts for the advancement of science that I have made for fifty years—that word is failure. I know no more of electric or magnetic force, or of the relations of electricity, ether and ponderable matter, than I knew and tried to teach my students of natural philosophy fifty years ago, in my first session as professor." Our own Edison would probably say the same. And yet, in the field of applied electrical science, Lord Kelvin and Edison have enriched the world with their brilliant discoveries. While, on the other hand, we venture to say that there is not a single valuable principle in speculative science which Mr. Spencer thinks he has discovered of which he, or anybody else, can say they are sure.

Spencer's mind is prolific of subtle distinctions, of wire-drawn definitions, and of wearisome and unprofitable suppositions, or, as Darwin called them, "suggestions which do not convince." In a word, he is a born theorist, and from his naturalistic theory of the universe he has drawn all the vital principles of his philosophy. More than any other eminent man of this day, he has trained himself and initiated the younger generation of evolutionary scientists in the "master-art of wriggling" out of difficulties. Whenever any of our modern popular expounders of evolution get into a tight place they know, as by instinct, where and to whom to look for their tip. Their style of argumentation betrays the secret of their disciplined acquaintance with the latest Spencerian methods.

Some of Spencer's definitions reveal the peculiar, subtle bent and habit of his mind. They are curiously-involved—a labyrinth of words—which it would seem as if only a metaphysician lost in the woods could have originated. He defines evolution as "an integration of matter, and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which the matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity, and during which the retained matter undergoes a parallel transformation." Drummond notes that it was this famous definition that moved the *Contemporary Review* to remark that "the universe must have heaved a sigh of relief, when by the cerebation of an eminent thinker, it had been delivered of this account of itself."

Drummond himself was carried away by Spencer's verbal necromancy, into a belief of his philosophical profundity. In his "*Natural Law*" he quotes at the head of his chapter on "Eternal Life," Spencer's statement of what life might be in certain supposed contingen-

cies; and strange to say, goes into ecstasies over it, as "an immense contribution to the religious mind." He does not even hesitate to compare it favorably with Christ's declaration in John xvii: 3, calling it "the only second definition of eternal life before the world." But evidently Spencer is not there aiming to give a definition of eternal life. The idea involved in that peculiar Scripture doctrine does not once enter his mind. Christ's thought and his move in wholly different circles. Spencer does not there suggest even the possibility that this poor earthly existence of ours may be extended beyond the grave. He is an agnostic, and should have the credit of being a thoroughly consistent agnostic. He is there merely indulging himself in a "supposition," in one of those airy hypotheses of which he is so fond. To call that hypothetical statement a definition, and worst of all to call it "a definition of eternal life," is rank folly; and Drummond's bold comparison of it with our Lord's sublime and unique declaration, in John xvii: 3, seems to us but little less than blasphemy, though nothing could have been farther from that gifted author's thought. We fail to discover any real contribution to the sum of human knowledge in that miscalled definition. Stripped of its technical phraseology, and expressed in simpler language, it amounts to little more than this: The length of life of any organism depends upon its amount of inherent vitality, and upon the co-existence of outward conditions favorable to longevity. What connection this has with our Lord's definition of eternal life it is difficult to imagine.

Walter V. Couch.

San Diego, Cal.

Occidental College.

By President Guy W. Wadsworth.

First, Occidental is a *college*.

The original name was Occidental University, but the trustees soon perceived that to call the institution a college, and to make it a good one, would be far better than to struggle along with the more high-sounding title, and the charter name was changed to "Occidental College."

There is confusion in the popular mind as to the difference between a university and a college.

A college may be defined as an educational institution, which provides courses leading to the degrees of Bachelor of Arts, Science, Letters, etc., the purpose being to furnish a liberal education.

The university is a collection of graduate courses, intended to train specialists in law, medicine, theology, engineering, journalism, etc. The university may or may not contain a college. The undergraduate students in Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Ann Arbor and Berkeley are, as a matter of fact, college rather than

university students. The university requires an immense income. In response to a recent inquiry of the *Chicago Tribune* as to the immediate needs of a number of the universities in the country, the reply was a demand for thirty-three millions of dollars. A university must have millions of endowment; a college may consider itself well endowed if it has half a million of dollars.

Occidental College makes modest claims, and thanks to the support of the Presbyterian Board of Aid for Colleges, the churches of the Synod of California, and many benevolent individuals, is able to do excellent college work.

Our diplomas are accepted in schools for graduate work, and what is more to the point, our students have held their own with the graduates of much older and larger institutions.

We believe that the man with a liberal education as a basis makes the best specialist, and deprecate the granting of too liberal elective choice to undergraduate students.

President Seth Low said recently: "The aim of the American college, as I conceive of it, is to give a liberal education; or, if you please, to develop the man. The aim of the American university, on the other hand, is to make a specialist." Occidental College has the aims of a college.

Second, Occidental is a *Christian college*.

"In taking a college course," said President Woolsey, "the matter of first importance is character; the second, culture; the third, knowledge."

We believe that the small Christian college is the best place for character building. The students are not dealt with "en masse," but as individuals. The faculty are chosen with reference to Christian character as well as scholarship, and the standard of scholarship is by no means lowered on this account.

Our Vice-President, Dr. Gordon, has well said, with reference to secular colleges: "In many of these institutions, under the name of science and philosophy, there is teaching which leads logically to a denial of the Christian doctrines of creation, providence, sin, the atonement, the renewing work of the Holy Spirit, revelation, miracles, the efficacy of prayer, personal immortality and the nature and character of God; and besides the influence of such teachings, other powerful influences are at work which tend to make the student irreligious, if not immoral."

We are coming to the close of the most satisfactory year in our history, and are making a determined effort to increase our attendance next fall. We refer with confidence to our students themselves.

The Preparatory Department corresponds to the State high school. The College Department maintains a standard equal to the leading colleges in the country.

Three courses are offered—the Classical, the Literary and the Scientific. We invite investigation.

Third, Occidental College is going to have an *endowment*.

The financial side of the question: For the past three years deficits have been avoided by persistent solicitations. It has been decided to make a radical change of policy, and an effort to secure an endowment of one hundred thousand dollars has already taken form. The amount, when secured, will place the college on a good foundation and will act as a magnet to draw more gifts.

The following is our pledge form:

Pledge to Occidental College.

To aid in making up an endowment of one hundred thousand dollars for Occidental College of Los Angeles, California, I agree to pay to the said College the sum of.....dollars as follows:

On or before.....1901,.....dollars;
on or before.....1902,.....dollars;
on or before.....1903,.....dollars;
on or before.....1904,.....dollars;
on or before.....1905,.....dollars;

with interest at the rate of five per cent per annum, after July 1, 1901, interest payable annually, on condition that before July 1, 1901 there shall have been contributed to said Endowment, in cash, or in subscriptions accepted by the Trustees of said College, the sum of one hundred thousand dollars.

Name.....

Address.....

Date.....

Los Angeles, May 11, 1900.

My Fate.

W. W. Lovejoy.

At thy feet I fain would fall,
Savior divine;
Making offering of all
That I count mine.
Oh, not as weary of my charge
And its demands;
Nor that I count my task too large
For feeble hands.
But that *one* friendship, holy, true,
My heart must know;
The New Birth doth, with powers new,
My nature show.
And from its depths breaks forth a cry:
"Like Thee!" "For Me!"
"Ask what you will"—my Friend's reply—
"I died for thee."
And so I give my all to Thee.
And know no loss;
While in the flame of love I see
Consumed its dross.
And every beauty, every grace,
Which I admire,
In perfect lineaments I trace—
Thy soul's attire—
A passion strong, and high, elate,
A wedded bliss,
In which I read at length my fate
As meant for **THIS!**
As meant for **this!**

True faith makes the sinner humble, active and self-denying; false faith leaves men proud, indolent, and selfish.

Brevities.

The bee industry employs 300,000 persons, and the revenue from it is about \$20,000,000 a year.

Thirty years ago there were only about twenty-five explosive compounds known. Now there are more than 1,100.

It is estimated that ninety million bushels of corn were stored in Kansas bins the 1st of May.

Nearly 400,000 divorces have been granted in the United States during the last twenty-five years.

The production of aluminum in the United States last year did not greatly exceed that of the previous year, when the output was 5,200,000 pounds.

Nearly 12,000 persons have been found to be creditors of the notorious Franklin Syndicate in Brooklyn, N. Y., the 520 per cent interest scheme.

Unquestionably there is to be for a long time a splendid market in China for goods of American manufacture. The existing markets will be added to by proper cultivation on the part of our people, until there will be a demand gigantic in its proportions. During recent months some of the newspapers of this country have contained articles relative to the magnitude of Oriental competition, present and prospective, with pessimistic thoughts concerning our trade prospects in those countries, especially when the cheapness of labor was considered. Mention was made recently of a cotton mill at Hankau in which Chinese labor was employed at \$1.75 a month. But now comes a statement from the United States Consul at Shanghai which says that the mill in Hankau has discontinued weaving cloth because it could not meet the competition of foreign prices. Instead of wages averaging \$1.75 a month, says the Consul, "the cheapest coolie laborer receives \$6 Mexican (\$3 gold) per month; carders and spinners receive \$25 to \$30 Mexican (\$12 to \$15 gold) per month; engineers and weavers receive \$20 to \$60 Mexican (\$10 to \$30 gold) per month. Wages have risen very fast in the treaty ports, with the building of mills and the establishment of foreign businesses, and are maintained at the higher level. The labor, however, is less effective than the American labor. The American weavers accomplish two or three times, and American spinners at least four times, the results attained by corresponding Chinese workmen in the same time." "We can control this market," says the Consul, "so long as we have an equal entrance into all China, especially as freight lines from our country are multiplied, and when the Nicaragua Canal is built no other than American cotton goods need apply in China."

Home Circle.

Mothers of Heroes.

"One more embrace! then o'er the main,
And nobly play the soldier's part."
Thus speaks, amid the martial strain,
The Spartan mother's aching heart.
She hides her woe,
She bids him go,
And tread the path his fathers trod.
"Who fights for country fights for God."
Helpless to help, she waits, she weeps,
And listens for the far-off fray.
He scours the gorge, he scales the steeps,
Scatters the foe—away! away!
Feigned is their flight.
Smite! again smite!
How fleet their steeds! How nimbly shod!
She kneels, she prays: "Protect him, God!"
The sister's sigh, the maiden's tear,
The wife's, the widow's, stifled wail—
These nerve the hand, these brace the spear
And speed them over veldt and vale.
What is to him
Or life or limb
Who rends the chain and breaks the rod!
Who falls for freedom falls for God.
And should it be his happy fate
Hale to return to home and rest,
She will be standing at the gate
To fold him to her trembling breast.
Or should he fall
By ridge or wall,
And lie 'neath some green, southern sod—
"Who dies for country sleeps with God."

—The Independent.

Whitewashing for God.

There was one righteous man in Ortonville. There may have been more; but of this one we are certain.

At first sight you would perhaps be surprised when he was pointed out to you as "the best man in town." But the town was small, and really, when you knew him, you would say, "Ah, well, even if he is the best, there is plenty of room left for the others to measure up." For Miles Cornish was a giant—every way. It is of his spiritual size we write.

Here, then, is his portrait—the portrait of the outer man: Tall, thin, sprightly; light hair, blue eyes, teeth to make a dentist smile—or frown; firm, pleasant lips, voice so merry you smiled, however commonplace his words.

As for his spiritual portrait it has never been taken—on earth. Snapshots, it has been true, have been taken. You cannot get a good picture of a giant with a small, cracked camera. Human cameras are ever small and imperfect. But here is a snapshot:

Dressed in white overalls, splashed from head to foot with kalsomine, singing as he went, Miles swung down the village street. He had been standing all day, his whitewash brush jollily flap-flopping on walls and ceilings. He was tired, for he had worked through his noon hour and past the "quitting time." No one had asked him to do this. But he had heard that a man with a sick wife was

to move into the house where he was at work, that the small hotel was comfortless, and the sick woman in need of the quiet of her own rooms. Ordinarily, the work would have taken a day and a half. Miles' employer was in no hurry, but the workman worked from five in the morning to eight at night, finished the job, stopped at the hotel to tell the sick woman's husband that the house was ready for them, and to ask, since he—Miles—was, in one sense a neighbor, if he could help them in any way. The pay for the extra time of the day's work the whitewasher dropped into the hand of an old man who was shuffling along the road.

"What, Miles? No, no, boy. You work hard for your money. See, I have a little left from what you gave me before."

"That's all right, grandfather. That's some extra money. That'll do to go on the account of the days when you worked all day and I was too little to do more than eat the food that cost so dear. We must even up things in this world."

Miles hurried on.

"Bless the lad," muttered the old man. "He's queer, but he's got the soul of a white angel. Anybody'd think I was really his granddad. Now, who ever heard of a young man evenin' things up that way? Most young fellows think the world owes them a livin'. Bless the lad! If I get to heaven, it'll be because he made the way light for me, and—if they'll let me—I'll speak a good word for him. But maybe—maybe they know him better'n I do. Bless the lad!"

"The lad," already forgetting what he had done, was hurrying on. His was the kind of haste that has no selfishness about it. It is the haste born of freedom from care; light-heartedness and readiness for the next thing—rest or work or prayer.

At the door of a cottage a girl of fifteen was standing. She had been crying. At the sight of Miles walking toward her, her face brightened. She did not know him very well. She only knew that he was "a good man." To have a good man pass near is enough to make a woman's face brighter.

"Good evening, Miss Jennie! How is the mother getting on?" Miles' sharp eyes had seen the tear flush on the girl's face, and he stopped.

"She is coming home from the hospital in the morning."

"Oh, that is good! Home is a good place."

The girl's lips trembled. "This isn't a good place for mother."

"Why, child?" She was indeed a child before this man, who stood six feet two in his stockings.

"It's so dingy and dirty. How can I clean it, when I work all day? If father finds me cleaning at night, he beats me. I don't know why."

Miles Cornish stood still. He was thinking. These were the words that were passing through his mind: "A cup of cold water." That means to give people what they need. This little sister needs the help of a strong man. Miles Cornish, here's your chance!"

The girl was looking at him curiously. Many people looked at him that way. It was because they seldom saw a face that shone with unselfish devotion and pure delight in doing good.

"Jennie, run in and make me a cup of coffee. Have you bread in the house? Very well. In twenty minutes I will be back with some fresh whitewash. Then, I want a bit of supper. By morning your house will be clean—walls and ceilings. What say you?"

"O Mr. Miles! But you are tired."

"Tired? Me? Bless you, there is all eternity to get rested in. If your father comes in, tell him Big Miles is coming to see him."

All her care turned to gladness, the girl hurried in. In twenty minutes more he had swallowed his hot coffee and was putting up his ladders and boards. In still five minutes more his brush was going flip, flop, flap, while Jennie watched and blessed him with thanks of a good, tired little heart.

The poor, drunken father staggered home and fell prone across the floor in a whisky sleep. Miles picked him up, carried him out to the woodshed, covered him up with some old horse-blankets and left him there.

The cottage was very small, and Miles' big brush did rapid work. The smoke, the grease spots, the fly specks were disappearing by magic. When the last flap of the brush had been given, Miles looked around. Jennie was scrubbing in another room.

"Poor little fly," said the big man. "Factory all day, a sick mother, a father who can not behave himself. I wonder what God gave me these big hands for?—Miss Jennie! Give me that brush. Did you ever see a man scrub? Child, how white you are! Tell you what to do: You just scamper home to my mother and let me stay here to-night. Come, now, hurry along. Mother is lonely and so are you. Let her tuck you away. I'll keep house till morning."

Every one obeyed Miles. Jennie was too tired to scamper, but she made all haste, leaving the little cottage to the care of the giant. What was it the angels saw, looking down that night for some new good record to write in the great books of heaven?

They saw a man in white overalls, down on his knees, scrubbing, rubbing, cleaning. They saw a man who had been up since four, polishing little panes of glass by the light of a kerosene lamp. They saw a giant sweeping, brushing, dusting, polishing. At daybreak they saw a man kneeling in a woodshed, beside a sleeping drunkard, praying in whispers, as

children pray. They saw a soul so white that all heaven rang with a song of joy.—[Texas Exchange.

Keep Still.

Keep still! When trouble is brewing, keep still; when slander is getting on its legs, keep still; when your feelings are hurt keep still till you recover your excitement at any rate. Things look different through an unagitated eye. In a commotion once I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years, I had another commotion and wrote a long letter; but life rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look over it without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Less and less it seemed necessary to send it. I was not sure it would do any hurt, but in my doubtfulness I leaned to reticence and eventually it was destroyed.

Time works wonders. Wait till you can speak calmly and then you will not need to speak, may be. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable sometimes. It is strength in very grandeur. It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the mad fury of battle. To plunge in were twice as easy. The tongue has unsettled more ministers than small salaries ever did or lack of ability.—[Burton's Yale Divinity Lectures.

Life Hints.

Find your purpose and fling your life out to it. Try to be somebody with all your might.

What is put into the first of life is put into the whole of life. Start right.

The first thing to do, if you have not done it, is to fall in love with your work.

Don't brood over the past nor dream of the future; but seize the instant and get your lesson from the hour.

Necessity is the priceless spur.

Give a youth resolution and the alphabet, and who shall place limits to his career?

Don't wait for extraordinary opportunities; seize common occasions and make them great.

A great opportunity will only make you ridiculous unless you are prepared for it.

The lucky man is the man who sees and grasps his opportunity.

The world always listens to a man with a will in him.

The man with an idea has ever changed the face of the world.

There is nothing small in a world where a mud creek swells to an Amazon, and the stealing of a penny may end on the scaffold.—[Success.

A native of Manila can support a family on wages of eight cents a day; the average pay is about ten cents.

Our Boys and Girls.

Intra, Mintra, Cutra, Corn.

Ten small hands upon the spread,
Five forms kneeling beside the bed;
Blue-eyes, Black-eyes, Curly-head.

Motherly Mary, age of ten,
Evens the finger tips again,
Glances along the line; and then—

*"Intra, mintra, cutra, corn,
Apple-seed and apple-thorn,
Wire, brier, limber lock,
Three geese in a flock,
Ruble, roble, rabble and rout,
Y, O, U, T,
Out!"*

Sentence falls on Curly-head;
One wee digit is "gone and dead,"
Nine and forty left on the spread.

"Intra, mintra," the fiat goes;
Who will be taken, nobody knows
Only God may the lot dispose.

Is it more than childish play?
Still you sigh and turn away,
Why? What pain in the sight, I pray?

Ah, too true: "As the fingers fall,
One by one, at the magic call,
Till at last chance reaches all;

"So in the fateful days to come
The lot shall fall in many a home
That breaks a heart and fills a tomb."

"True, too true. Yet hold, dear friend;
Ever more doth the loss depend
On Him who loved, and loves, to the end.

"Blind to our eyes, the fiat goes,
Who will be taken, no mortal knows,
But only Love will the lot dispose."

Now are the fifty fingers gone
To play some new play under the sun—
The childish fancy is past, and done.

So let our boding prophecies go
As childish, for do we not surely know
The dear God holdeth our lot below?

—Selected.

Be Content.

Long, long ago a robin and a butterfly talk-
ed over their troubles one day.

"How much nicer it would be to live in a
house, as men do," said the robin. "There's a
black cloud in the sky, and I'm sure it's going
to rain. I'll have to cuddle up under the
leaves, and my feathers will be damp. I fear
I'll take cold and lose my voice."

"I have to hide away, too, when it rains,"
said the butterfly. "It would be a great pity
if the water washed off my lovely powder, and
a big shower might drown me."

Miss Butterfly was quick-witted. "Why not
go to live in that house now? The window's
open." And she flew in at once. The robin
was more cautious. He lighted on the win-
dow-sill, and peeked around. "I don't see any
place for a nest."

"Pshaw! You don't need a nest in a house,"

said his gay little friend. So Master Robin
flew in and perched on the first thing he found,
which was a book; but he looked homesick.
Miss Butterfly fluttered to a quill-pen and made
believe it was a flower.

Pretty soon there were sounds and the robin
listened as hard as he could.

"O papa!" a child's voice said. "Look there!
Sh-sh! Keep still! You'll scare them! What
a beautiful butterfly for your collection! And,
papa, mayn't I have the bird in a cage? I'd
like a robin with my canary."

A man's voice answered low: "Run around
outside, deary, and close the window softly,
so they can't get out."

Master Robin's brains were wide awake
now. He spoke quickly: "That man's an en-
ento—well, I can't say it, but he's crazy on in-
sects, and he'll stick a pin through you, my
lady. And that girl thinks she'll put me in a
cage! I guess not! Let's fly!"

Out they flew, just as the little maid's hand
touched the sash. They heard her cry of dis-
appointment as they dashed by her.

"O papa! they went out like a flash; and
they're both gone!"

But Master Robin and Miss Butterfly
laughed happily to be out again in the free air.
The black cloud was gone, and the warm
spring sun was shining on the garden beds of
crocus and hyacinths. How beautiful it was
out of doors! Living in a house was not com-
pared to it.

"Better be content where our Maker meant
us to live," said Miss Butterfly. A wise after-
thought of the highty-tighty little creature!—
[Sunbeam.

A Serenade of Wolves.

While making these notes among the ani-
mals of the Washington Zoo, I used to go at
all hours to see them. Late one evening I
sat down with some friends by the wolf-cages,
in the light of a full moon I said, "Let us see
whether they have forgotten the music of the
West." I put up my hands to my mouth and
howled the hunting-song of the pack. The
first to respond was a coyote from the plains.
He remembered the wild music that used to
mean pickings for him. He put up his muz-
zle and "yap-yapped" and howled. Next an
old wolf from Colorado came running out,
looked and listened earnestly, and raising her
snout to the proper angle, she took up the
wild strain. Then all the others came running
out and joined in, each according to his voice,
but all singing that wild wolf hunting-song,
howling and yelling, rolling and swelling,
high and low, in the cadence of the hills—

"They sang me their song of the West, the West,
They set all my feelings aglow;
They stirred up my heart with their artless art,
And their song of the long ago."

Again and again they raised the cry, and

sang in chorus till the whole moonlit wood around was ringing with the grim refrain—until the inhabitants in the near city must have thought all the beasts broken loose. But at length their clamor died away, and the wolves returned, slunk back to their dens, silently, sadly, I thought, as though they realized that they could indeed join in the hunting-song as of old, but their hunting-days were forever done.—[Ernest Seton-Thompson, in the Century.

A Murderous Sea Flower.

One of the exquisite wonders of the sea is called the opelet, and is about as large as the German aster, looking indeed very much like one. Imagine a very large double aster, with a great many long petals of a light green color, glossy satin, and each one tipped with rose color. These lovely petals do not lie quietly in their places, but wave about in the water, while the opelet clings to the rock. How innocent and lovely it looks on its rocky bed! Who would suspect that it would eat anything grosser than dew and sunlight? But those beautiful waving arms, as you call them, have uses besides looking pretty. They have to provide for a large, open mouth, which is hidden down deep among them—so hidden that one can scarcely find it. Well do they perform their duty, for the instant a foolish little fish touches one of the rosy tips, he is struck with poison as fatal to him as lightning. He immediately becomes numb, and in a moment stops struggling, and then the arms wrap themselves around him and he is drawn into the huge, greedy mouth, and is seen no more. Then the lovely arms uncloset, and wave again in the water.

Furlough on Four Legs.

The children of a reading-class were reciting, and, as they read, the teacher asked the meaning of various words. Finally the word "furlough" was encountered.

"What does 'furlough' mean?" asked the teacher.

There was no immediate reply, and the teacher asked the question again. A little girl held up her hand.

"Well, Mary, tell me what 'furlough' means."

"It means a mule," said Mary.

"Oh, no," replied the teacher; "it doesn't mean a mule."

"Indeed it does," said Mary. "I have a book at home that says so."

"Well," said the teacher, now thoroughly interested, "you may bring the book to school, and we will see about it."

The next day Mary brought the book, and, in some triumph, opened to a page where there was a picture of a soldier standing beside a mule. Below the picture were the

words, "Going home on his furlough."—[Columbus Dispatch.

Just for Fun.

Pasteur, at a dinner party, dipped his cherries, one by one, into his glass of water and carefully wiped them, explaining that they were covered with microbes, and then, with a fine unconsciousness, drank off the glass of water.

A famous archbishop, also dining out, forgot that he was not at his own table, and remarked loudly to his wife, "This soup is again a failure, my dear."

The great theologian, Neander, would walk to his class-room with a broom under his arm instead of an umbrella, or wander through the streets of Berlin unable to recall the situation or number of his own house.

A United State Senator was observed not long ago, at a Presidential dinner, to pull from his pocket in place of his handkerchief a huge woolen sock and unconsciously wipe his heated brow.

Lord Shaftesbury

The great English philanthropist, records these words in his journal: "I imagine some young man saying to me, 'Would you counsel me to follow the career that you have chosen and pursued? I reply that, in spite of all vexations, disappointments, rebuffs, insults, toil, expense, weariness, all loss of political position, and considerable loss of personal estimation; in spite of being always secretly despised and often publicly ignored; in spite of having your 'evil' most maliciously exaggerated, and your 'good' evil spoken of—I would, for myself, say, 'Yes.' If you desire internal satisfaction, that humble joy through Almighty God that will attend you in retirement and thoughtfulness, I say emphatically, 'Yes.'"

This is the testimony of a man who, in the most liberal sense, gave his life for others, especially the forsaken, the abused, the forgotten, the outcast.

The Musical Lion.

Said the Lion: "On music I dote,
But something is wrong with my throat.
When I practice a scale,
The listeners quail,
And flee at the very first note!"

—*Oliver Herford, in May St. Nicholas.*

Since 1897 more than 100,000 country homes have been brought into close and daily touch with the rest of the world by the rural postman. In a few years the rural delivery system will reach millions of homes.

In the libraries of American colleges there are 6,750,000 books. Harvard has 500,000; Chicago University 350,000.

Woman's Synodical Society

OF HOME MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

Mrs. Willis T. Perkins, President, 614 Sutter st., S. F.

Miss Janet C. Haight, Corresponding Secretary,
1201 Alice St., Oakland.

Articles designed for this column should be sent to
the Editorial Secretary, Miss Clara Pierce, San Anselmo

Salt Lake City, Utah, May 9, 1900.

Dear Friends: I have talked to you through the columns of your good paper in days gone by. Some of you will remember that I came from the dear Alameda church to Utah eight years ago to engage in mission work. For the last four years I have been in the Salt Lake Collegiate Institute. In a letter to you a year or more ago, I told you of the wonderful success of this school. Prof. Coyner, who is now living in Palms, California, was the founder of this institution. Twenty-five years ago he came here a man of sterling character, full of energy and ambition, and at a time when the Mormons held full sway and when it was no easy matter to come into this Mormon city and open up mission work. But the time had come for action, and in a few days he with his own hands made rude benches and desks, and in the basement of the First Presbyterian church this mission school was started.

I will not attempt to speak of the difficulties under which he and those who assisted him labored, but with untiring zeal the work was continued by one and another until now, the 5th of June, we celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary, and we are rejoicing in the fact that Prof. Coyner will be with us at that time, as will also a number of the first pupils. We are proud of our institution, proud of our men and women, boys and girls, who are making for themselves a mark in the world. Many of them are mission teachers, some are physicians, a large number are instructors in various colleges, academies and other institutions of learning, while some preside over homes of their own. And last, but not least, the Collegiate Institute is now Preparatory Department of Sheldon Jackson College.

For a number of years we have felt the need of a Presbyterian college in this State. When our pupils graduate there is nothing for them here except Catholic and Mormon colleges. Considering this difficulty a surprisingly large proportion have been able to go East to college. The majority of them, however, can not afford to do this. Two of the prominent citizens of Salt Lake City gave a beautiful tract of land of one hundred acres just outside the city limits. It is a most desirable site for a college. The readers of *The Occident* know Dr. Jackson, the founder, for whom the college is named. The first new

building is to be erected very soon and it is hoped that in the early fall it will be ready for occupancy.

I am especially interested in this new building because I am to be its House Mistress and have special charge of the boarding department, and since we will have to depend largely for the furnishing of it upon our Christian friends and churches, I am going to ask who will be the first church, Christian Endeavor Society, Sunday-school or individual in California to furnish a room, provide table linen, bedding, a barrel of dishes, or *anything* needed to equip a building like this. It is the Lord's work, and any money spent in furthering the interests of this Christian college will surely bring returns an hundredfold. Contributions can be sent either to Dr. McNiece, Dean of the college, or myself.

Yours in the work, *Katherine S. Smith.*

The New Movement Among the Mormons.

It is a *financial* one. It is an effort to secure an enlarged "tithing." The saints have always paid tithing, but they have not always paid enough.

Cupidity is said not to be the moving consideration. The president of the Mormon Church, Lorenzo Snow, though a man far advanced in life, being about eighty-five, is yet strong and vigorous, full of fire for the success of "the kingdom." He was an associate of Joseph Smith and is in strict harmony and deep sympathy with Smith's ideas and purposes. One of these was that Independence, Mo., should be the seat of the "latter-day-kingdom," where the grand central temple should be built, where Zion should be established, and from which the "radiance of light and truth" should issue for the salvation of mankind.

By reason of the violence of the people of Missouri in expelling the "saints" from the State in Joseph Smith's time nothing came of this "divine decree." The saints went to Illinois; thence to Eastern Nebraska, and from there on to Utah, where for nearly fifty-three years now they have done their work. But Zion is too distant from the centre of population. It is necessary, hence, to take a new step, viz., to relocate in Independence, Mo. Two things will be accomplished by this: the seat of ecclesiastical government will be a thousand miles farther east, and near the centre of the nation, on the one hand; while on the other hand, this will be a fulfillment of Joseph's prediction.

This transfer of the central stake to Missouri can not be made without money. Indeed, what can be done without money in our day! Here then we have the motive for the extra pressure put upon our neighbors for a fuller tithe than they have paid in many years.

The matter, too, is urgent. The president of

the Church has reached that stage in life where a decline may set in at any time and he be hurried from this mundane sphere, and so not have the privilege of bringing to fruition the "great prophecy" of his illustrious predecessor and brother-in-law—for Snow's sister, Eliza R., had the distinction of being the prophet's first plural wife.

No one is supposed to know the secret of the "new movement," or, if knowing, to make it public, for the word must issue from the head of the Church first of all. Still, the secret is out, and the people are feeling its practical application, and large response is being made.

N. E. Clemenson.

Logan, Utah.

The Occidental Board

OF FOREIGN MISSIONS.

920 SACRAMENTO ST., SAN FRANCISCO.

Mrs. C. S. Wright, President, 1201 Jones Street, San Francisco.

Mrs. P. D. Browne, Honorary President, 920 Sacramento Street, San Francisco.

Mrs. H. B. Pinney, Secretary of Literature, 1407 Castro street, Oakland, Cal.

Public meeting first Monday in each month, sessions at 10:30 a. m. and 1:15 p. m. All are invited.

Some Topics Discussed at the Annual Meeting of the Occidental Board.

Mrs. McPherson of Los Angeles presented a paper on "Recruiting." She said it was a subject that had puzzled wiser heads than hers, and she had nothing new to say upon it, but would give some personal experiences, making her one point. A friend had urged her to join a Ruskin Club, setting forth the many advantages to be gained. For good reasons it was necessary to decline. After an interval the same invitation was given again and the same advantages urged, and again, with still stronger importunity, until at last she yielded, and became a sharer in the benefits and pleasures of the Ruskin Club.

The love that will not be denied can bring about wonderful results in worldly matters, but "no one can measure the blessed results of faithful, persistent effort made for Christ's sake." The sweet, patient face of one of these persistent workers is pictured, as with tactful skill and loving grace she seizes every opportunity to urge others to become co-workers with God in this great missionary field. "She quietly and persistently sought to win new members by asking them in such a loving, earnest way that it was hard to turn a deaf ear." Invitation to missionary meeting was followed by still more loving persuasion; they were asked to perform some special service, show where most they were needed, or what best they could do; "and all the time this brave little woman was working in the

strength of him whose wisdom never fails and who is faithful to his promises." "Time does not permit to tell the story of the new recruits, who came because they were asked, and then came because they loved the work and wanted to be counted as workers, and how the blessing of the Lord followed the words and the works of this devoted Christian woman, until that society became strong in spiritual strength and strong in numbers, ready for any good work."

Each one for ourselves we may answer the question, "How to get new recruits?" "Go, and do thou likewise."

Duties of Private Members.

Mrs. T. F. Burnham.

In an unguarded moment we consented to write on this subject, for who could refuse our beloved State Secretary—but, alas! two difficulties presented themselves when we were ready to write; we hadn't a single *new* idea on the subject, and then the members who need such a paper will not be here to hear.

But, though we can bring you nothing new to-day, it may be that a few suggestions along old lines may bring out some new, fresh thoughts from others.

The duties of officers are usually defined by the constitution, but the duties of private members are left to the conscience of each individual. If the conscience is educated, there is little doubt but that the duty will be made plain though it may not always be done.

The duty of giving, of course, every member feels, to some extent, at least—that is part of a missionary society, and with many responsibility ends there.

But that is only one part of our duty. Every private member should feel her own responsibility for the success of the meetings held, and so should be present, if possible. Of course, the President is expected to be there to preside, and the Secretary to take the minutes, and the Treasurer to care for the money.

A Secretary of one of our auxiliaries reported that there were some advantages in their having a small society, for they were nearly all officers and so felt they must be present at every meeting.

Regular attendance cannot thus be assured in all our societies, but cannot we emphasize more than we do the fact that private members, as well as officers, are responsible for faithful, prompt attendance.

Not only to be there, but to do all one can to make the meetings helpful and interesting, is plainly a duty. One reason why some find missionary meetings dull and stupid is because they will take no part in them. Whoever knew a meeting to be dull to one who had an active part in it? If the meeting is not

as interesting as it should be, just do your part to make it more so.

I was once a member of a Chautauqua Circle composed of busy women, with no time to devote to merely social meeting. The leader was one of us, and we agreed that we would do whatever she asked of us, if possible. We could often have said, when work was given us to prepare a paper or look up a subject, "I haven't the time"; "I don't know anything about the subject," or "Please ask some one else." We *took* the time and we were obliged to find out about the subject, with the natural result that our meetings were helpful and profitable to every member.

Would not a similar result follow in a missionary society if every member was ready to do whatever was asked of her?

In that way, too, the information necessary to create or maintain interest would be acquired. I do not wonder that societies dwindle and report no interest where no missionary literature is taken. The means of information are within the reach of all, with magazines at 25 cents and 50 cents a year, and the duty of using these means is plain. If we know, we will be interested; we can not help it.

We do get time for the newspaper, for "David Harum" and "Richard Carvel"; we can find time to learn of what God is doing in the world and the work for which he gave his Son.

And every member should pray, and prayer is the sore need of the work to-day. United, prevailing prayer will move the Hand that rules the world.

"Pray for us" comes like a chorus from all our mission fields at home and abroad. If we pray "Thy kingdom come," are we not bound to do all we can to bring in that kingdom?

Some one has suggested another duty not often dwelt upon. Keep cheerful; don't *wail*; talk up the meeting—don't talk it down; talk of it between times and invite others to come. Believe in your work, in your society, and in his power who has given you this privilege.

You see, after all, it is the old question of how to make every Christian woman feel her personal responsibility. Could we do it, our pastors would want the key.

"Is the sermon done?" asked one man of another, coming out of church. "No, it is only spoken; it is left for us to do it" was the reply.

Could every private member thus feel each a personal responsibility for the work, this paper would be done.

The month of April was a record-breaker for the making of coins at the Philadelphia Mint. The total number of pieces of money made was 9,831,100, the value of which is \$12,954,480. In January, 1899, the value of the output was \$14,022,000, but the number of coins stamped was not quite 2,000,000.

Woman's North Pacific

PRESBYTERIAN BOARD OF MISSIONS,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

Mrs. W. S. Ladd, President, Sixth and Columbia sts.

MEETINGS.—At the First Presbyterian Church, corner Twelfth and Alder streets—monthly, third Tuesday in each month at 2:00 p. m. Invitation extended to all. Executive Committee, first Tuesday of each month, at 10 a. m.

Chinese Women's and Girls' Home, 350 Fourteenth street. Visitors always welcome.

All communications intended for this column should be sent to Mrs. S. T. Lockwood, 371 E. Eighth street N., Portland, Oregon.

The annual meeting is over, and was so delightful and generally satisfactory that the business since transacted might seem almost too prosy to recount. However, it has received attention at several meetings, and it is hoped that a rapid reference to the different items may be pardoned. At a called meeting a belated telegram from Mrs. Dodd was read, in answer to the one from the annual meeting: "Many thanks for loving remembrances" (II Thess. iii: 16). It was decided to have it appear in its proper place in the annual report. Mrs. J. V. Milligan, appointed to succeed Mrs. McCommon as Corresponding Secretary, was present in her new role, and as one of her first duties was instructed to prepare a report from our synodical representation for the annual meeting of the Home Board, to be held in St. Louis in May.

At the Executive Committee of a later date considerable time was devoted to hearing circular letters, one of them being Mrs. Milligan's, to the Presbyterian Secretaries; another, that of Mrs. Scott, to Juniors and Bands; and Mrs. Protzman, the Secretary of Literature. All were discussed and finally approved. Mrs. Ball was requested to write every spring and fall to Sunday-schools and urge the appointment of Secretaries.

The regular meeting was held May 15th, and the first thing in order after the minutes was a token of appreciation, given by a rising vote to Mrs. McCommon for her conscientious and faithful service of six years. We were grieved to learn, through Dr. Ellinwood, of the death of Mrs. Fry, so long the Central Committee Secretary, and one we had well known through correspondence from the very beginning of the Board. A letter, expressive of our deep sympathy and regret, was ordered to be written. It was announced that the annual report would soon be ready, at a date earlier than ever before. It is urged upon every society to read this report, a most carefully prepared sketch of the year's work. From year to year they form a history worthy to be filed away among the records of each society. Two new societies were heard from, respectively, at Oakland, Ore., and Burns.

From far-away Manila came the grateful acknowledgement of a contribution from the First church Sunday-school. We were delighted to hear that Mrs. Holt had again added to her laurels in the rescue of another Chinese woman, Chen Min, who came from Baker City, and after three months gives good proof of being converted. Another lady, Miss Davidson, has applied to become a medical missionary under our charge, and the requisite blanks were accordingly furnished her. And now this little budget may find a fitting close in the following from a letter of Mrs. Amelia P. Lowrie, a missionary returned from Paoting-fu, China:

"April 20, 1900.

"I am planning to spend July and August with my daughter in San Francisco. I am not running away from the Boxers. They are still posting threatening proclamations and the officials are very much on the alert, but we have no fear of their carrying out their threats. The District Magistrate has sent a relay of soldiers every night to watch the city chapel. This is entirely voluntary. We think the whole cause of this disturbance is the drought, which throws so many out of employment. Satan finds some mischief for idle hands. For a month past there has been much awakening among the native Christians—quite a wonderful movement, both in Peking and here. The confessions have surprised us and made us very happy. Nothing seemed to be forced or unreal. There was no excitement, but a genuine work of grace, a baptism from on high, the presence of the Holy Spirit."

J. W. G.

Never in Vain.

I look to Thee in every need,
And never look in vain;
I feel Thy strong and tender love,
And all is well again:
The thought of Thee is mightier far
Than sin and pain and sorrow are.
Discouraged in the work of life,
Disheartened by its load,
Shamed by its failures or its fears
I sink beside the road,
But let me only think of Thee,
And then my heart springs up in me.

—Samuel Longfellow.

The American Bible Society published 1,406,801 copies of the Bible during the last year. The total issues of the Society in eighty-four years amount to sixty-seven million three hundred and sixty-nine thousand three hundred and six copies.

The total value of merchandise imported into the Philippines during the last four months is \$8,900,000; and of exports, \$5,770,000.

The Sunday-School.

Notes by Prof. John H. Kerr, D.D.

Death of John the Baptist (Mark vi: 14-29).

LESSON XI. June 10, 1900.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit" (Eph. v:18).

Introduction.

Parallel Passages: Matt. xiv: 1-2; Luke ix: 7-9.

Date: Spring of 29 A. D.

Place: Machaerus, the castle of Herod, situated in Perea, nine miles east of the Dead Sea.

Since the Last Lesson: The present lesson seems to follow closely upon the last.

The death of John the Baptist was an important event in relation to our Lord's ministry, just as his imprisonment had been. It has already been noted in these lesson studies that the arrest of John and his delivery into Herod's hands were probably accomplished by the Pharisees. That move was part of a scheme whereby they evidently proposed to dispose of both John and Jesus. As soon as John was delivered up, Jesus immediately withdrew into Galilee and began his ministry there.

It was no longer safe for him to remain in Judea, for the Pharisees, having disposed of John, were planning to put an end to Jesus and his work.

Immediately after hearing of John's death, the twelve returned to Jesus from their mission, and Jesus withdrew with them across the lake. John's death was directly prophetic of his own, and no one knew better than he what he himself had to expect. The death of the forerunner foretold the death of him whose forerunner he was. The next day took place the feeding of the five thousand, and then the day following the sermon on the Bread of Life was preached in the synagogue at Capernaum. Then began the second part of the Galilean ministry of our Lord, a period in which he avoided the crowds and spent the time in the direct training of his disciples for their future work.

Critical Notes.

V. 14. This king was Herod Antipas, who inherited from his father, Herod the Great, Galilee and Perea. He was a notorious profligate, spending the time rather in the pursuit of his own pleasures than in attending to the affairs of his tetrarchy. It is not surprising that he should at this juncture for the first time have heard of Jesus' work. His guilty conscience could think of no one able to do such works, but John, whom he had put to death. Accordingly, he affirmed that the miracle-worker could be none other than John, risen from the dead.

Vs. 15, 16. Misunderstanding Old Testament words many supposed that Elijah him-

self would reappear on earth. Others considered Jesus one of the prophetic order. Herod, however, adhered to his idea that he was none other than John, whom he had beheaded.

V. 17. John's ministry had been carried on in Jordan Valley and probably on the Judean side. Herod could not arrest him unless he should come into Perea or Galilee. The Pharisees served his purpose by betraying John in Herod's hands. The king had enticed Herodias, the wife of his brother, Herod Philip I, to leave her husband, and live with him. This had been done at a time when he was his brother's guest. Such a breach of right received its proper denunciation from John. Herod accordingly was glad to silence John's public utterances by shutting him up in prison.

V. 18. Herod's act was a direct transgression of the law. And this is just what John had repeatedly said. The words imply that the rebuke had been administered directly to Herod.

V. 19. Naturally Herodias resented John's words. An angry, wicked woman, she would be content with nothing less than his death. But Herod would not permit her to carry out her wish.

V. 20. Herod was deeply impressed by the character of John. There was enough of the Jew in him to lead him to go carefully in his treatment of a prophet, for such was his estimation of John. The expression "and observed him" should be rendered as in the R. V., "and kept him safe." And while John was in prison, his words apparently had no little influence upon Herod. "When Herod was in the presence of John he was much affected by his mysterious personality, his thorough conscientiousness and the holiness of his utterances. It often happens that weak and vacillating natures greatly admire a consistent and resolute character."

V. 21. "She imagined that Herod's birthday would be a convenient day for a royal party, and by some strategy, through ambitious, civil, military, or social leaders, she could bring to pass the great desire of her heart, the removal of this bold and troublesome preacher."

V. 22. During the banquet, and doubtless after Herod and his guests had become intoxicated, Salome, the daughter of Herodias, came in and danced before them. It was a shameless performance. The princess lowered herself to the level of a dancing girl. Forgetting all maidenly reserve, and heedless of the shame of her act, she aimed only to secure the favor of the maudlin king. Herod, in turn, disregarding the shame, was pleased by the affair, and with kingly prodigality promised to grant her utmost desire.

Vs. 23, 24. The promise was confirmed by an oath. Then the girl conferred with her mother. How low her mother had fallen was

evident in a moment by the demand she directed her daughter to make of the king!

V. 25. That the daughter was of a like character to the mother was evident by her immediate acquiescence. Without the slightest hesitation she made her demand.

V. 26. The request sobered the king in a moment. He was caught in a trap and he recognized that fact. But not knowing that some promises are better kept in their breach than in their fulfillment, he was not brave enough to decide aright.

V. 27, 28. How strange an ending to a life that had played such an important part in the world's history! While the revelry was going on in the palace, the executioner soon performed his grim work in the prison beneath.

V. 29. The devotion of John's disciples was manifested by their tender ministrations to the poor, headless body. Then how natural for them to hasten with the sad news to Jesus (Matt. xiv: 12).

Some Practical Truths from this Lesson.

1. Crimes seldom go singly. One leads to another.
2. Drunkenness has always been the companion and inspiration of crime.
3. The best person to whom to tell our griefs and trials is Jesus, our Savior.

The Warm-Hearted World.

The last time that Frances E. Willard spoke to a Washington audience she told of a Chicago botblack who, with his kit on his shoulder and a package of newspapers under his arm, stopped at the call of a man with a club foot. He worked away at the man's shoes, giving them as fine a polish as he could, and, when the job was done, the man threw him double pay, saying, "No change; I made you more work than most folks do."

Quick as a flash the little fellow handed back half the money, saying, with eyes full of earnest sympathy: "Oh, mister, I couldn't make money out of your trouble."

Not far from Washington there lived a boy who has to bear the heavy burden of deformity, but so bravely does he bear it that he is the very heart of his home, the brightest and cheeriest and most helpful one in the household.

A while ago he went out and hunted up a situation for himself so that he might pay his share of the family expenses.

Somebody asked him, "Don't you find it rather disagreeable, going about as you have to now?"

He looked up with his bright, flashing smile, and answered quickly, "Oh, no; everybody is kind to a fellow in my fix," with a slight gesture towards his back.

There is plenty of love and sympathy in the world, after all, if our eyes are open to see them.—[Texas Christian Advocate.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Lives that Lift. (Luke xiii: 20, 21.)

Topic for June 10th.

A very interesting and helpful study of the teaching of Christ is to read the four gospels with notebook and pencil at hand and record every separate use our Lord makes of material facts to direct the mind to the higher truths. As we read on page after page, write down his allusions until every reference is at hand. Then arrange and classify them with chapter and verse noted. After this has been done carefully cultivate the habit of studying the facts he uses as you go about in the world, and thus you will find yourself thinking his thoughts after him. We have a great deal to say about original thinkers. There is only one original Thinker. You and I will do vastly more good in the kingdom of God by carefully possessing ourselves of his thoughts and accurately giving them to our fellows than by all the "original" thinking we may be able to invent. Original thinking on religious lines has been the cause of great havoc, from Eden's days to this.

* * *

To learn well the lesson of our Scripture reference we must first look upon the scene. It is the Sabbath and in the Jewish church. A very religious congregation is there, but some very wrong ideas have grown up in their minds. One of these was regarding the proper manner of keeping the Sabbath. Adroitly and with emphatic language he points out the fatal defects of their original thinking on this point, putting his critics to shame and filling the hearts of the multitude with rejoicing. While his audience is recovering from this excitement, Jesus illustrates the secret of power in the kingdom of God by two similes, the mustard seed and the leaven. For their effectiveness in producing the results noted, both of these depend upon the germ they contain. The mustard seed might be as large as a house, but it would not produce a tree that a mosquito could find if it did not possess the germ; and the leaven might be used by the barrel: if the germ is wanting, the product would be brick-bats and not bread.

* * *

So, in thinking of our topic to-day, and in studying how we can have a life that lifts, we need to look out that the germ of power is there. Our sermons and our addresses and our articles in print often look like big seeds, but the germ is wanting. They look as if they ought to produce a great tree. We fondly anticipate that the tree may attract whole flocks of birds. But, alas! the tree does not appear, and the restless birds of human thought find no lodging place.

We organize some large enterprise like a

cook who prepares for a great baking. We put money and time and any amount of running about into that effort. We light the fires of eloquence and apply the heat of personal influence; but the whole concoction remains a lump of unleavened dough. What is the trouble? We have not made sure that the germ is there.

* * *

When we recall to our minds the great men of science who have lived and toiled in the world of experiment; when we think of the vast laboratories connected with our institutions of learning and our manufacturing enterprises, it is very suggestive to remember that not one of them could actually produce the germ of the mustard seed! We can measure our wheat crop by the millions of bushels and load our fleets with the grain and send them over all seas, employing an army of men in their handling. But fleets and armies and acreage can not bring into being a single yeast-germ. We know more about these germs than that audience in the synagogue did; but we are as powerless as they to bring the germ into being. We can photograph it and portray on canvas a colored enlargement of it; we can arrange the conditions which will multiply its production a million fold; but its infinitesimal life is beyond our skill.

* * *

Lives that lift, therefore, are lives which are made powerful by God himself. No thought uttered or put upon the page lifts unless it has the germ of spiritual life. None of us needs original thinking so much as he requires the original Creator. Spiritual germs for their production demand right conditions no less than the germ that makes the mustard seed productive of the tree. We lift people around us so rarely because we violate the conditions under which the germ of power can be developed. We work too exclusively with the seed; we depend too much upon kneading the dough; we keep our thoughts too busy with ourselves. But lifting power is God in us; "for it is God which worketh in you both to will and to work, for his good pleasure."

* * *

Christian Endeavorers, we ought to ask less whether this or that is wrong or not. We must hasten beyond that point. Our daily inquiry is, "What is the most powerful life I can live? What kind of social life, what advantage of Christian culture, what expenditure of energy will best open my soul, my example, and my efforts, to that divine germ which will first lift me and with me lift lives that I touch?" The man of the world "has an eye to business," we say. His perceptions, his scrutiny, his mental criticisms and his power of observation are continuously in exercise to discover and secure opportunities of increase. Likewise, if we are to lead lives

that lift, it must be a fire within us. Between books to be read, between the social engagement and the religious gathering, between the Sunday of culture and the Sunday of self-indulgence—between *any two choices*, the query must be: "What will best—most surely—quicken me with that spiritual germ that gives me the lifting power among men?"

Good Neighborship.

"HOW MUCH

Do I owe the world?" is a fair question for each of us to ask; not "How much does the world owe me?" Some say, "The world owes me a living and I am going to have it." That is the cause of much of the misery of the world. Selfishness in a few causes, wretchedness in many. However, we are in debt to the world from the moment we are born until death claims us as his own. We are indebted to our parents, to the mother who suffered for us and whose undying love follows us all through life, to the father, whose fatherliness is a benediction, who provides for our wants, the home, the food, the start in life; to the Church for what it has done to make the world worth living in; to our country for its free institutions; to the heroic dead who gave their lives to purchase our freedom; to the men of thought and action who have devoted themselves to the solution of the grave problems of life. We owe it to all these, and to more, that we live purely and generously and nobly, in the fear of God. But, besides these debts we owe mankind our love; we owe it to man because he is man, no matter what his birth or nationality or education may be; he has the same joys and sorrows, the same cares and trials, the same hopes and fears, the same weaknesses and temptations, the same struggle to live and keep honest and true that each one of us has, therefore he has claims on our sympathy, our love, our impulses of generosity. The earth would be unendurable were it not for love. Then there is our debt to the weak and poor, because they are weak and poor. To give to these from our abundance is not charity, but the payment of just dues. "We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak" is the law of God's Word. There is less charity in the world than the world deems. For the most part more true charity is shown by the weak and the poor to the strong and rich for their lack of sympathy and appreciation of their suffering than the strong and rich show toward their less fortunate brothers. I believe if we recognize these debts we will be better satisfied, and that this is the true way to look upon life. If we could look through the eyes of Jesus at the world we would see, not opportunities to enrich ourselves, but a burdened humanity, calling for help; neither would there appear temptations

and lives of ease and self-centered interest, but a deep and undeniable appeal to a career of unselfish endeavor, such as Jesus lived.

HOW, THEN,

Can we be good neighbors? Jesus has illustrated the means by the parable of the Good Samaritan, which is a parable for all ages, all men, all places. If a man needs you, help him, no matter who he is or where he is. Put yourself in his place for a moment; look at the situation from his standpoint; how would you, in his condition, have people act toward you? Then do unto him as you would that he should do unto you, were the circumstances reversed.

IT COSTS

Something to be a good neighbor. All good things cost. The Good Samaritan was out of time, labor, pocket, in caring for the wounded man; and what had he gained?—the love and gratitude of a helpless man; yes, and more—the testimony of a good conscience. In this world of sorrow there are many thieves, many robbers, many perilous roads along which at times we all must journey. We can not tell when or where we are to be waylaid and robbed, some of their money, some of their good name, some of their friends; there is, therefore, a need of neighborliness. Must I be a Good Samaritan then? you will ask. Yes, if you would follow Jesus. Must I take the road that leads from Jericho to Jerusalem? Yes, for that is the road Jesus would take. Am I called upon to make sacrifices of time, and labor and money? Yes, for the sorrows of humanity are so great and so many that all and the best of these you have to give will be demanded to meet the needs.

Our Neighbors.

Somebody near you is struggling alone
Over life's desert sand;
Faith, hope and courage together are gone:
Reach him a helping hand;
Turn on his darkness a beam of your light;
Kindle, to guide him, a beacon-fire bright;
Cheer his discouragement, soothe his affright,
Lovingly help him to stand.

Somebody near you is hungry and cold;
Send him some aid to-day;
Somebody near you is feeble and old,
Left without human stay.
Under his burden put hands kind and strong;
Speak to him tenderly, sing him a song;
Haste to do something to help him along
Over his weary way.

Dear one, be busy, for time flieth fast;
Soon it will all be gone,
Soon will our season of service be past,
Soon will our day be done.
Somebody near you needs now a kind word;
Some one needs help such as you can afford;
Haste to assist in the name of the Lord,
There may be a soul to be won.

—Selected.

"The debt of love is a measureless debt, an undeniable debt, a blessed debt."

Ministerial Union.

Rev. Robert F. Coyle, D.D., of the First church of Oakland, who was a representative of our Church and the Coast at the Ecumenical Conference, addressed the Union last Monday on his impressions of the great gathering. The Baptist Ministerial Union was invited and representatives of other denominations were also present. Dr. Coyle said in part that this has been and will be a year of great conventions. The General Conference of the M. E. Church in Chicago, the General Assembly of our own Church in St. Louis, the nominating conventions of the great political parties; yet it is safe to say that for far-reaching influence none will compare with this. In magnitude it eclipses them all. The very thought of such a meeting is a prophecy in itself and big with the promise of coming power.

The central gathering place was Carnegie Hall, which seats five or six thousand people, and sectional meetings were held in churches in near proximity in all directions. In the great meeting nothing was more appreciated than a good voice; some could scarcely be heard at all, although gifted with plenty of volume; while others, with thinner voices but more penetration—probably on the principle that the tones of a flute reach farther than those of a bass drum—were understood in any part of the room. One hundred and eight Missionary Societies were represented by 2,500 delegates, and seven hundred and eighty-nine missionaries were on the roll. The Conference was noted for its remarkable number of distinguished men. President McKinley was there, and paid an honest and splendid tribute to the cause. Ex-President Harrison, the honorary chairman, made a strong and telling speech. This one passage is worth especial mention: "Take out of our statute books and our constitutions all principles for which we are indebted to the religion of Jesus Christ, and what is there left to hold the higher faith of the world?" Governor Roosevelt said: "I do not pity the missionaries; I lay my tribute at their feet." Then there were college presidents and noted laymen from all callings, including Dr. Harris, the United States Commissioner of Education, and besides these, of women of power, not a few.

The meetings made a strong impression upon the city. The newspapers were heartily interested—even the yellow journals. Society, that does not always go to church, filled the boxes, and withal the Conference took the metropolis by storm. The missionaries made a fine impression, and the Church has no need to be ashamed of the workers on the firing line abroad.

The Conference was remarkable for its unity and catholicity; sectarianism never peeped, from beginning to end; high church and low church, north and south, ritualist and salva-

tionist, sat together and prayed, and sung and talked. It was beautiful—it was inspiring. We talk about liberalism—the real thing was at that Conference; humanitarianism—it was there. If creed is to be measured by deed, if a creed is a creed that works, that suffers, that aims to lift and save, such a creed dominated the members of this Conference.

Among the noted missionaries there was Dr. J. G. Paton, venerable and patriarchal, showing gentleness and courage blended in a noble spirit; Dr. J. Hudson Taylor, who planted the China Inland Mission and has never asked for a collection; Bishop Thoburn of India, one of the remarkable men of our time; Miss Lilivanti Singh, M.A., a professor in the college at Lucknow—a young woman eloquent who delighted us all. Of this talented lady General Harrison said, "If I had \$1,000,000 to give to missions, and I knew that it had at least secured the conversion of such a woman, I would consider it money well spent."

Governor Northern of Virginia thought we should build monuments to the heroes and heroines of missions and perpetuate the memory of the martyr spirits. He thought it the most remarkable gathering he had ever seen—a real congress of the nations. All problems would be solved by the proclamation of the gospel of Christ.

Then Sankey sung "Saved by Grace," Moody's favorite hymn; that was one great meeting never to be forgotten. There were many others; a special meeting for women; a special young men's meeting; a meeting at which confederation was considered, and it was freely stated that some kind of federation is necessary—something more than comity; we need fusion—comity is a farce. "Co-operation," said Dr. Behrends of Brooklyn, "is the flaming watchword of the hour."

Throughout the whole Conference nothing was more noticeable than the constant exaltation of Jesus Christ. His deity was ever to the front. From the first session to the last the Conference was ready to sing "Bring Forth the Royal Diadem and Crown Him Lord of All." Said Dr. Strong of Rochester: "Our authority is in Christ; Christianity is Christ and Christ is Christianity. The purpose of foreign missions is Christ—all crowns are to be laid at his feet. Christ is the one of whom the poet speaks—

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing
purpose runs
And the hearts of men are widened with the process
of the suns."

As Christ was exalted, so the Bible was extolled as God's inspired message to the world. These the missionaries have tried in every land and they meet the need of every soul.

There was a triumphant note to the Conference that was most inspiring. Missions have

triumphed and will triumph. The cause of missions is no longer an experiment. It has won its way to a place of dignity and prominence in the sight of the world. Missionaries belong to the best aristocracy in the world. The man who sneers at missions after this Conference is a back number and out-of-date. I have come back to my work with a glad heart and a new love for the grand gospel.

Next meeting Rev. Chas. G. Patterson will read a paper on "The Lord's Day." *H. N. B.*

House-to-House Visitation.

The great house-to-house visitation which was recently so successfully undertaken in Philadelphia has proved a great advantage to the churches. The congregations were greatly increased as an immediate result. Many people concerning whom willing pastors and church members had no knowledge have been placed in touch with those ready to minister to them. There is no other means so successful in interesting people at once in the church as to go personally to them and talk with them about the matter. It would be well if all our towns and cities would have an organized, systematic, house to house visitation every year. Many discouraged and backslidden Christians would be found. Children would be brought into the Sunday-school; cases of need would be discovered and relieved; congregations would thus be increased and many souls would be saved.

In case such work is not undertaken by the various denominations working together, the pastor of any church can district his territory and send out visitors and secure most gratifying results by this kind of effort. It is often surprising how many persons will be found by this method who are just waiting for church people to show them some attention and are glad to be invited to come to church.

Paragraphs.

Matters in St. Louis at this writing are in an alarming condition. It looks as though the federal government might have to interfere, as the mails are interrupted.

Dr. Buckley (Methodist) the other day perpetrated the following, which greatly amused the General Conference: "Any man who goes on indefinitely will be disposed of instantly."

The Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions made provision for perpetuating its work by means of a report of its proceedings in two volumes of about five hundred pages each. The price to advance subscribers will be only one dollar for the two volumes. The work will be a real thesaurus of missionary information and inspiration. Subscriptions accompanied by the money may be sent to the Publication Committee, Ecumenical Conference, 156 Fifth avenue, New York. Checks

should be made payable to Edwin M. Bliss, chairman.

The recent Belgian expedition has greatly changed the map of the world in the neighborhood of the South Pole. With great care the explorers traced the contours of the coast. In some places they found water where land was supposed to be and found land where the geographers had marked rolling billows. Though life of certain kinds is there in abundance, the region is one of great desolation. The snow line is at the sea level at Brabomt Island, Antwerp Island and Danco Land, even though there it is only 64 or 65 degrees south latitude. No Gulf Stream bathes those shores.

Paris is under a cloud at present. The general government is in trouble over recent municipal elections. The national authorities are pledged to the republic, but certain malcontents wish to overthrow the party in power and manage matters so that the return to power of the priests and the Romanist brotherhoods will be brought about. The Roman Catholic Church is seeking to regain its old-time power in France. This would mean royalty, privileged classes, and the old regime once more. The Government is trying to keep matters peaceful until after the Fair is over, which will be next November.

The first serious blot on the American administration in Cuba is marked by the arrest of Col. Charles F. W. Neely, chief financial agent of the Cuban postoffice department, on a charge of embezzling \$36,000 of government money. Large sums have been missing for months past. It is thought that the defalcations were rendered possible by the fact that an issue of postage stamps ordered destroyed was sold in place of new stamps. It would seem that the lesson of this official dishonesty is that the administration of our colonial dependencies should be separated from national politics. It would be well to take lessons from Great Britain in such matters and enforce rigid civil service methods.

California has a well-earned reputation as a leader in farming machinery. The great combined harvesters are now to be worked by means of traction engines burning oil. There are many disadvantages connected with horse or mule power, especially in the way of expense for keeping and liability of runaways. Coal-burning traction engines are liable to set fire to the fields, but oil seems to be exactly suitable. The first of these oil-burning engines to go into use here will be ten which will be sent to the reclamation district on Union and Roberts islands, June 1st. A contract has been made to use 16,000 gallons of oil each week at a cost of about \$800, or \$80 per engine. They will begin work in an 8,000 acre field of grain that will average fifty sacks to the acre.

Church News.

[We shall always be glad to hear from any church or pastor: as to happenings, activities and successes; as to additions to membership or congregation or contributions; also as to sketches of interesting occasions or meetings.—Ed.]

SAN FRANCISCO. *Franklin-street.*—The concert at the Franklin-street church last Friday night was a fine success. The proceeds were \$45. The congregation gratefully acknowledges the help of the ladies and gentlemen who so generously took part in the entertainment, and the brotherly spirit of the people of the First church who were out in force. As for the King's Daughters, who were at the bottom of it all, they are as the Psalmist said "all glorious within."

PLEASANT VALLEY AND SHANDON.—These churches in San Jose Presbytery, having been very faithfully and acceptably ministered to by Rev. J. P. Gerrior for four years past, have called and installed him as their first pastor. Like so many home mission churches (and some not home mission) they have been content with Stated Supplies from their organization. Now the minister's position is one of stable supply, and he will be honored with the dignity of pastor, and the churches will assume more dignity as Presbyterian churches. There were two installment services. At the Pleasant Valley service Rev. W. S. Lowry presided, propounded the constitutional questions, preached the sermon and charged the pastor. Rev. I. Baird of Cayucas charged the people. At the Shandon service Rev. Isaac Baird propounded the questions and preached the sermon; Rev. John D. Beard, D.D., charged the pastor, and Rev. W. S. Lowry charged the people. The work in these two churches, situated in beautiful Estrella Valley, and fifteen miles apart, moves on most auspiciously.

CALISTOGA.—Something new in the way of church services took place in our church on Sunday, May 20th. The principal of our public school had made arrangements with Rev. Wm. Martin of Santa Rosa to preach a baccalaureate sermon to the graduating class, and with the young people and their friends were gathered a large audience of the townspeople. Rev. Mr. Tallmann of the M. E. church assisted in the services, which was very much appreciated. Mr. Martin preached from Ps. xc:9, "We spend our years as a tale that is told." The sermon was a masterpiece, and left a deep impression on the mind of his hearers, both young and old.

JONE.—The installation of Rev. S. H. Weller took place on Tuesday, May 22d. The sermon was delivered by Dr. Graham, and was a masterly effort. His subject was, "Heaven Here and Now," and the sermon was replete with counsel and admonition, each precept and point being clinched by germane quotations from Scripture, and the "Thus saith the Lord" giving force to all parts of the discourse. The charge to the pastor was given by Rev. John R. Jones of Vaca-

ville in a very impressive manner. His counsel was straight to the point and his words well chosen. The charge to the people was delivered by Rev. R. J. Johnston of Sacramento in a manner which was highly pleasing and instructive. He touched on the many points of duty which the congregation owe to their pastor, and which duties must be discharged if the church desires its pastor to reach the full measure of his responsibilities as shepherd of the flock.

While Dr. Weller has just been installed as the pastor of the Presbyterian church in this city, he is not a new or unknown man among us. He has been here as a supply for the congregation since the first of last September.

Washington.

ANACORTES.—Rev. Charles J. Godsmann has been called to the pastorate of this church, which has had a most prosperous year. The edifice has lately been

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re-painted, through the efforts of the ladies of the congregation, who furnished the needed expense.

Calls.

Rev. W. F. Stahl from Princeton, N. J. to Delaware City, Del., accepts.

Rev. Charles E. Bronson, D.D., from Saginaw, Mich., to West Hope church, Philadelphia.

Rev. George J. Searles from Auburn, to East Meredith, N. Y.

Installations.

Rev. Seth Cook at Leroy, N. Y., April 10th.

Rev. Robert F. Lynd, Second church, Zanesville, O., May 15th.

Rev. George N. Makely, Second church, Cedar Rapids, Ia., May 8th.

Rev. W. F. Price, Third church, Cincinnati, O., May 2d.

Rev. J. Calvin French at Cairo, N. Y., April 19th.

Deaths.

Rev. John C. Rankin, D.D., at Basking Ridge, N. J. April 26, aged 83.

Rev. Charles E. Knox, President of the German Theological Seminary, Bloomfield, N. J., April 30, aged 67.

Rev. Richard Lea, New Alexandria, Pa., May 25, aged 90.

Miscellaneous.

The First church of Omaha, Neb., is greatly encouraged by the growing interest in the public services under the preaching of their new pastor, Rev. Edwin Hart Jenks. Thirty new members were welcomed at the communion service, April 8th.

Ottumwa, Iowa, dedicated their new church April 22d.

Irving Institute.

The twentieth annual commencement of Irving Institute was held in Golden Gate Hall, on Thursday evening, May 24th. A large and enthusiastic audience listened to the following program: piano solo, "Anden Ken," Miss Tina Claire Hartman, of Selma; essay, "A Leap in the Dark," Miss Carolyn Randolph Poole, San Francisco; song, "Sing on," Miss Ione Blake Pennington, of Ukiah; ode, "To Michael Angelo," Miss Eleanor Upton Averell, San Francisco; violin solo, "Maritina," Miss Daisy Farrow, of Visalia; essay, "National Glory," Miss Mabel Beresford Cox, of San Francisco; song, "For all Eternity," Miss Frances Olive Fisher, of Prescott, Arizona; harp solo, "Sur la Rive de la Mer," Miss Paule Zeile Wolff of San Francisco; essay, "Beyond — What?" Miss Marie Edna Hepburn, of San Francisco; piano solo, "Gondoliera," Miss Jessie B. Lyon, of San Francisco. After a very pleasant address upon the class motto, "Arise and Go Forward," the Rt. Rev. Wm. Ford Nichols, D.D., Bishop of California, presented the diplomas to the graduates. Miss Grace Emerson Garoutte, of San Francisco, one of the class, is now on her way to Europe, but will receive her diploma upon her return. After the presentation of diplomas, the class song was sung, the words being by Miss Tina

Claire Hartman, the music by Dr. H. J. Stewart. The benediction by the Bishop closed the very excellent exercises, after which followed a social hour for the greeting of friends and for admiration of the many flower tokens which decorated the front of the stage.

The annual reunion and lunch of the alumnae was celebrated at the Institute, California and Buchanan streets, on Friday afternoon at one o'clock. There were seventy graduates present, every class but three being represented. Mrs. Anita Boole McKee presided, and a short program of music and elocution gave variety to the festivities, those taking part being Miss Jessie B. Lyon, '98, Miss Florence A. Smart, '94, Miss Estelle M. Davis, '95, Miss Edna F. Smart, '97. The officers for the coming year are Miss Frances Elizabeth Prindle, '91, President; Mrs. Ida McKinley Morse, '89, Mrs. Ellie Panno Schranz, '96, Vice-Presidents; Miss Elvira W. Hobbs, '99, Secretary; Miss Grace DeForest, '91, Treasurer; Miss Edith Kennedy, '94, Miss Estelle M. Davis, '95, Mrs. Ellison Vernon Sanford, '97, Executive Committee.

A WISE ANSWER.

A bright young man of wealth and social position, but with bad habits, recently asked a young woman to be his wife. Many girls would have felt flattered, and have accepted him. Her answer was sharp and decided:

"You say I have qualities you wish in the woman who is to be your wife. I do not know as to that. But there are habits I do not have, and I cannot accept a husband who has them. I do not smoke, nor swear, nor indulge in wine. I am not in debt. I do not spend my days in idleness, nor walking the streets with silly, unthinking girls, nor my nights with questionable associates. As you have most of these habits, I am not willing to become your wife. Nothing but misery could come of such a union."

It was wisely thought and bravely spoken.—[California Independent.

BE SURE.

There is a beautiful legend concerning a circumstance said to have happened when Israel was leaving Egypt, and when the angel was about to pass through the land of Egypt, destroying the first-born in every house where the blood of the Lamb was not sprinkled upon the door. There was a lit-

tle daughter of Israel who was the first-born in her father's family. To her father the child was the apple of his eye. She threw her little arms around his neck and said to him, "Father, are you sure the blood is on the door? for if it is not I will have to go away from you." "Yes, my darling," said the father, "I told the man to sprinkle the Lamb's blood." "But are you sure he has done this?" replied the little maid. And the father went to look, and, lo! the man had neglected to do as he had been bidden. There was no time lost in placing the saving blood on the door.

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They soothe the Hacking Cough in Pulmonary cases and give sleep and quiet to the patient. Public speakers and singers find them almost indispensable.

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Household.

Choice Chafing Dish Recipes.

Newburg Clams.—Cook together a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour until they bubble, pour in a half pint of sweet cream and stir until the sauce is thick. Have ready a pint of long clams from which the hard part has been carefully trimmed, pains having been taken not to cut into the soft part of the clam. Put these into the sauce and cook about three minutes after the sauce has returned to the boil. Season with a half teaspoonful of salt and a pinch of cayenne, and just before extinguishing the flame, stir in three tablespoonfuls of sherry. Leave it half a minute to get hot, and serve the clams on toast.

Savory Clam Toast.—Chop fine twenty round clams. Put into the chafing dish two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter, a cup of clam-juice (save that which flows from the clams when chopped), a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, and a dash of cayenne. When this is boiling hot, add the chopped clams, cook five minutes, squeeze in the juice of half a lemon of medium size, and add a little salt if necessary. In most cases it will not be needed. Have ready squares of hot buttered toast or "breakfast biscuit" also made hot and buttered. Serve the clam mixture on this.

Shrimps in Tomato Sauce.—Turn out the contents of a can of shrimps and throw them into cold water. Leave them in this for several hours. When ready to use them, drain and dry them. Make a cupful of tomato sauce by cooking together two tablespoonfuls of butter and one of flour until well blended, and pouring upon them a cupful of strained tomato liquor, in which has been boiled for half an hour a slice of onion, a sprig of mace, and a small piece of celery. When the sauce is hot and thick, turn in the shrimps, cook five or six minutes, and serve on toast or in small individual nappies.

Fricassee Lobster.—Rub together two tablespoonfuls of butter, a half teaspoonful of dry English mustard, and a pinch of salt. Put these in the blazer of the chafing

dish with a cup of milk that is half cream. Add to this a half-cup of fine bread crumbs that have been soaked for half an hour in a cupful of milk. Let all get hot together, and put in a pint of lobster meat, cut into small pieces. When all are boiling hot, stir in an egg beaten light. Cook one minute longer and serve.

Oysters with Celery.—Put a gill of oyster liquor, a half-cup of minced celery, and a pinch of cayenne or paprika into the chafing dish, and simmer for three minutes after it reaches the boil. Add to it two tablespoonfuls of butter and a gill of cream, bring to a boil and put in a solid pint of oysters. Cook three minutes, stir in a gill of sherry and a teaspoonful of salt, and serve.—[Good Housekeeping.]

Cleaning Fine Lace.

Occasionally a piece of fancy-work on the lace order does not show soil enough to justify sacrificing its lacy newness to the process of washing. If such work is laid away for a week in a heavy book between blue tissue paper, having had rubbed into the soiled places calcined magnesia or pipe clay, it will come out cleaned and brightened by the process. This is a good way to treat Battenberg and point lace work which has become dingy or yellow.—[Woman's Home Companion.]

Baking-powder Buns.—Mix, and then rub through a sieve, one quart of sifted flour, a generous tablespoonful of sugar, half a teaspoonful of salt, and two large teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Rub into this a tablespoonful of butter and half that quantity of lard. Wet with sweet milk to a soft dough, roll out, spread with butter, a little sugar, cinnamon and currants. Roll up like a jelly-roll, cut in slices, place in greased pans without

touching each other. Bake about twelve minutes.

Coffee Cake.—One egg, one cup of brown sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of butter, a cup of strong, cold coffee, a pound of raisins, one tablespoonful of mixed spices, a heaping teaspoonful of soda, five cups of sifted flour. Bake an hour, using a square biscuit-pan, and ice the top with sugar icing, made by mixing pulverized sugar with a very little water. Mark off in squares and slice as needed.—[Exchange.]

RECIPES FOR TROUBLES.

If anxious and depressed read Psa. xxiii.

If there is a chilly sensation about the heart, Rev. iii.

If you do not know where to look for the next rent money, Psa. xxvii.

If lonesome and unprotected, Psa. xcvi.

If losing confidence in men, I Cor. iii.

If pelted with hard words, John xvi and Psa. ii.

If discouraged about your work, Psa. xii and Gal vi: 7-9.

If all out of sorts, Heb. xii.

These recipes have been tested, and can be relied on always to turn out well.

The man whom God wants is the man who is never off his guard; never so absorbed in business or pleasure as to lose sight of God's service, or needlessly to expose himself to temptation. Of Noah it is written that being wary he builded an ark. The man who is wary is he who can sip where others gulp, and can stoop and scoop where others lie all-forgetful of the foe. It may be that thinking of this scene St. Peter writes, "Be sober," don't be thirsty. Be vigilant; keep your eye on the enemy.—[Mark Guy Pearse.]

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, and take no other kind.

To be contented with what we have is about the same as to own the earth.

A warm-hearted preacher will generally find a way to warm up a cold church.

A PEEP

Into the future would sadden many a happy woman. The misery of marriage often results from ailments which maidenly modesty kept hidden. When doctors are at last consulted they frequently fail to help. They do not understand the root of the trouble. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has cured in thousands of cases where doctors entirely failed.



"I had been a great sufferer from female weakness," writes Mrs. M. B. Wallace, of Muenster, Cook Co., Texas. "I tried four doctors and none did me any good. I suffered six years, but at last I found relief. I followed your advice, and took eight bottles of 'Favorite Prescription' and four of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I now feel like a new woman. I have gained eighteen pounds."

"Favorite Prescription"

MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG

AND SICK WOMEN WELL.

KEEP YOURSELF OUT OF SIGHT.

Dr. Mark Guy Pearse says: "I watched an old man trout-fishing the other day, pulling them out one after another, briskly. 'You manage it cleverly, old friend,' I said; 'I have passed a good many below who don't seem to be doing anything. The old man lifted himself up, and stuck his rod into the ground. 'Well, you see, sir, there be three rules for trout-fishing, and 'tis no good trying if you don't mind them. The first is, keep yourself out of sight; and the second is, keep yourself further out of sight; and the third is, keep yourself further out of sight still. Then you'll do it.' 'Good for catching men, too,' I thought, as I went on my way. Reader, have you ever known a self-conceited preacher to wear very long as a successful minister of the Lord Jesus? We have seen several who, on entering the ministry, and for several years afterward were great on 'blowing their own horn.' They could and did strut and swell, and wax eloquent, and even report their 'brilliant pulpit efforts' to the local press. But, alas, in due time, they dwindled into insignificance, and so dropped out of sight. The word of the Lord standeth true. In the ministry, it ever holds good that 'he that exalteth himself shall be abased, and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.'—[The Religious Telescope.

NUMBERLESS.

I was walking along one winter's night, hurrying toward home, with my little maiden at my side. Said she:

"Father, I am going to count the stars."

"Very well," I said, "go on."

By and by I heard her counting: "Two hundred and twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-five. Oh, dear," she said, "I had no idea there were so many."

Ah, dear friend, I sometimes say in my soul:

"Now, Master, I am going to count thy benefits." Soon my heart sighs, not with sorrow, but burdened with such great goodness, and I say to myself, "I had no idea that there were so many."



Your eyes need attention—need it badly; but you won't give it to them; you put it off from day to day. Do you know the risk you run? Every day's delay means added danger to your health.

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A.D. 1720.

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News of the Week.

May 21st.

The Kentucky governorship case was to-day decided by the United States Supreme Court in the interest of Beckham, affirming the decision of the Kentucky Court of Appeals. Taylor yields to the new Governor.

The defense works of Johannesburg are progressing rapidly. Six guns brought from the front have been emplaced in a fort, while schanzes and trenches intersect Katzerand and Klipriversberg, behind the race course.

The Oakland Board of Education has placed an embargo upon consumption in the public schools, and hereafter no person will be allowed to teach in the educational institutions of this city who is afflicted with tuberculosis.

The State Board of Health held a special meeting last night and officially declared that there was not one existing case of bubonic plague in this city or State. In addition to this, the State Board formulated a letter, which is to be sent to every State Health Board in the United States, declaring the absolute non-existence of the plague in San Francisco and California.

May 22d.

The Transvaal Government will not consider unconditional surrender, and proceeds with plan of defense.

The steamer *Zealandia* departs for Nome with 700 passengers, a portable house, picks, pianos and strawberries.

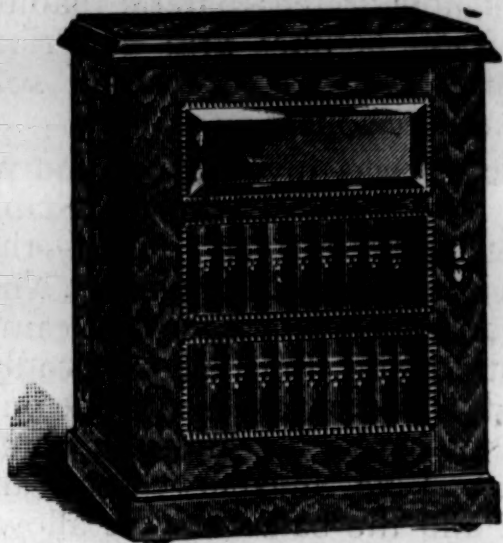
The nuptials of Prince Karl Ludwig of Thurn and Taxis and Princess Maria Theresa of Breganza is celebrated at Ratisbon.

Boer representatives visit the President. He stated that this country cannot interfere in the struggle in South Africa.

In a terrible wreck at Alameda Point the engineer and fireman are crushed to death. No passengers are killed, but several are maimed.

Official investigation into the Cuban Postoffice frauds shows that Charles W. Neely, as chief of the Bureau of Finance, has received the sum of \$122,656.62, of which he has deposited with the Treasurer of

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Cuba the sum of \$77,281.37, and the balance, amounting to \$45,375.25, or any part thereof, cannot be found and that the said sum remains entirely unaccounted for.

May 23d.

The Queen's eighty-first birthday is to-day celebrated throughout the British Empire.

About 800 Boers have surrendered at Vryburg (north of Kimberley and little more than half way between that place and Mafeking). The road is all clear from Mafeking, and all opposition in this district is practically ended.

One of the most severe storms which ever raged over the Pacific Northwest in May sprang up this morning. The wind blew in squalls, and at times its velocity was so great that tin roofs were torn off buildings in the city of Astoria. The storm played havoc with the fishermen on the river, and no less than twenty boats were capsized.

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May 24th.

A New York brokerage house, in which George Crocker is a special partner, fails with liabilities estimated at thirteen million dollars.

The Pacific Coast Congregational Congress meets to discuss the feasibility of unifying the Christian influence of the Coast. The attendance is large.

The Rev. Sebastian Martinelli, the Papal Legate to the United States, accompanied by his Secretary, Rev. F. Z. Rooker, and Father P. C. Yorke, arrived in San Francisco this morning on the Oregon overland.

May 25th.

Yukon river is now open to Dawson city.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church has appointed a committee to revise the creed of that denomination.

The House passes a bill allowing \$50 per month pension for the support of the widow of Captain Gridley, who commanded the *Olympia* at the battle of Manila.

Boers are evacuating all positions south of the Vaal river. While Lord Roberts' force is rapidly approaching the Transvaal, the movements of the Federals are enveloped in mystery.

A dispatch to the London *Daily Express* from Georgetown, British Guiana, says that a steamer with three convoys has been carried over a cataract in the Potaria river, British Guiana, forty lives being lost.

A special dispatch from Shanghai says advices from Szuchuan, province of Hupeh, report that "Boxers" have destroyed two villages and massacred many converts of the French missionary stations. Minister Conger has been instructed by the State Department to inform the Chinese Government that the Government of the United States expects it to stamp out promptly and thoroughly this society.

May 26th.

Charles B. Stone, a prominent business man of San Francisco, dies at his home in San Mateo.

A cigar-shaped train breaks all records by two minutes on a run

between Baltimore and Washington.

It is now stated that the liabilities of the defunct firm of Price, McCormick & Co. are about sixteen million dollars.

Chicago was invaded this morning by the army of a hostile State, numbering thirteen men—the "District of Lake Michigan." The invasion ended in a farce, but came near to being finished in deadly earnest. The casualties include one boy shot in the leg and one horse killed. Five invaders were arrested and the balance were allowed to escape. The trouble was precipitated by Captain George W. Streeter, a squatter, by his efforts to seize land along the shore of Lake Michigan. The land which he has for some time claimed to be the "District of Lake Michigan" consists of made land on the shore of Lincoln Park, a part of it including one of the main park boulevards.

May 27th.

The transport *Hancock*, with the Philippine Commission aboard, arrives at Hongkong.

The exodus of Alaskan gold hunters from San Francisco and Seattle exceeds all anticipations.

Congress expects to close its labors by June 6th. There is no probability of the Philippine bill passing.

Reports indicate that affairs around Peking are extremely critical, owing to the defeat of the government troops by the "Boxers." It is now regarded here as certain that foreign troops must be sent to Peking to protect the legations, while the withdrawal of missionaries from the interior is considered imperative.

The College of Physicians and Surgeons of Chicago decided to refuse recognition to athletes, and no longer to give official sanction to the college football team. Dr. William E. Quine, Dean of the College, said: "Experience has taught us that college athletics have a demoralizing and disturbing influence on the students, and that they interfere with the educational work of the college. We do not deny that athletics have a beneficial influence on the physical development of the young men, but the in-

terests of education demand first recognition."

"A Little One."

BY MATTIE WILCOX NOBLE.

In Pyeng-Yang, Korea, one day last summer an old woman, a Christian, brought five other women from the country to see me. They had never seen a foreigner nor a foreigner's home before. The old woman thought that if they might see our home and hear a lesson on faith in Jesus, they would believe. She kept saying to them, "Believe, believe!"

She asked me if it were wrong to kneel in the streets and pray to her Creator, as so often she felt the impulse to do. Before she left she asked if she might pray there with us, thinking that I might tell her whether or not she were praying acceptably. She asked for some medicine to make her brighter, as she felt herself nearing her second childhood, and she so much desired to learn more about Jesus. I told her that in heaven her mind would always be bright and clear. As she knelt in prayer all of her friends, who were hearing prayer in Jesus' name for the first time, knelt with her. She made a touching prayer of perfect faith. Surely she was "one of His little ones!"

A Royal House.

F. L. Turpin, one of our most popular hotel men, proprietor of the Royal House, 126 Ellis street, has just completed extensive alterations, having added another story on the building, and moving the office, reading room and elevator to the ground floor, where people can step in now and ride to any floor in a spacious elevator, thus supplying a long-felt want and adding another link in the popularity of the Royal.

The entire building is lighted with electricity, and all modern improvements are one of the features of the house. A spacious ladies' parlor can be found on the second floor, front.

We love dollars so much more than brothers that we are becoming human cash registers.—[Edwin Markham.]